

THE  
B E A U T I E S  
O F  
G O L D S M I T H :  
OR, THE  
M O R A L A N D S E N T I M E N T A L  
T R E A S U R Y O F G E N I U S .

The Volume of Nature is the Book of Knowledge, and he  
becomes most wise who makes the most judicious Selection.  
CIT. OF THE WORLD.



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1783.





TO THE  
EARL OF SHELBURNE.

MY LORD,

YOUR friendship for Dr. *Goldsmith* is a sufficient inducement for me to inscribe his BEAUTIES to you. In all ages, the illustrious and the learned have been courted, in the highest strain of panegyric, to take the offspring of Genius under their patronage. This I am prevented from doing here; for the writings from which this cento of excellence is taken, have long since found innumerable admirers in every polished society. My sole motive for addressing your Lordship, arises from your esteem for the Author, whose moral and sentimental

timental writings have given birth to a volume every way meriting your lordship's countenance.

I am,

MY LORD,

With the most perfect esteem,

Your LORDSHIP's most obedient

and most devoted

humble servant,

W. H.

*London, April 23,*

1782.

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## P R E F A C E.

IT is merely in compliance with custom I sit down to write a Preface. Dr. *Goldsmith's* writings need not an eulogium at this hour: they may be compared to the invaluable paintings of *Raphael*; the longer they are in the world their estimation becomes more extensive. Time has drawn the veil of oblivion over the works of many writers, once renowned (if we may credit tradition) for every perfection that captivates. Nature was certainly wanting to enrich those compositions. What she has had a hand

in, Time reverences, and a final dissolution can only destroy. How happy, then, must the hallowed spirit of *Goldsmith* be, whose Beauties wear the simple brilliancy of Nature, and all the decorative charms of Fancy! whose praise is the theme of the ingenious, from the \* Capital of Taste and Patronage, to the cottage of learned tranquility, and which Time will for ever regard with parental affection!

The Pictures I have given from his Poems, are the highest finished in the group; and the whole selection will be found, it is hoped, meriting the attention and patronage of the refined lovers of elegant and estimable literature.

W. H.

\* *London.*

THE

T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *M. B.*

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FAME, the only inflexible friend of Genius, has been singularly kind to the Author whose life I with much pleasure sit down to give some account of. She has founded the praises of her favourite to the extremities of taste and literary refinement. The Court and the Cottage share with equal felicity the invaluable fruits of his elegant studies! The smallest memorial is a beacon for the incautious heart of virtue and simplicity, or a balm for the wounded soul of the comfortless! Hence the lovers of human excellence have been sedulous in establishing our writer's reputation on the basis of immortality.

*Goldsmith's* biographers have been many; their opinions, in some measure, different; but they all agree that he was a man of elevated genius, unbounded philanthropy, and possessing the milk of human kindness in a supereminent degree. I have  
their



their several accounts before me; and, upon an impartial survey, *Dr. Glover's* stands highest in my estimation. He was *Goldsmith's* intimate friend, a companion in many of his literary pursuits, and his enthusiastic admirer! What such a writer says, as far as relates to facts, must be listened to with more pleasure than a mere work of fiction, however elaborate, or splendidly set off. It gives me pleasure to acknowledge the obligations I lie under to this ingenious and excellent companion, for many particulars relative to *Dr. Goldsmith*. I shall give his account entire, marked with double commas.

“*OLIVER GOLDSMITH* was born at *Roscommon* in *Ireland*, in the year 1731. His father, who possessed a small estate in that county, had nine sons, of which *Oliver* was the third. He was originally intended for the church; and with that view, after being well instructed in the classics, was, with his brother, the Rev. *Henry Goldsmith*, placed in *Trinity college, Dublin*, about the latter end of the year 1749. In this seminary of learning he continued a few years, when he took a Bachelor's degree; but his brother not being able to obtain any preferment after he left the college, *Oliver*, by the advice of Dean *Goldsmith*, of *Cork*, turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and, after attending some courses of anatomy in *Dublin*, proceeded to *Edinburgh* in the year 1751, where he studied the several branches of medicine under

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under the different Professors in that university, which was deservedly ranked among the first schools of physic in *Europe*. His beneficent disposition soon involved him in unexpected difficulties, and he was obliged precipitately to leave *Scotland*, in consequence of engaging himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow-student.

“ A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at *Sunderland*, near *Newcastle*, where he was arrested at the suit of one *Barclay*, a taylor in *Edinburgh*, to whom he had given security for his friend. By the good graces of *Laughlin Maclane*, Esq; and Dr. *Sleigh*, who were then in the college, he was soon delivered out of the hands of the bailiff, and took his passage on board a *Dutch* ship to *Rotterdam*, where, after a short stay, he proceeded to *Brussels*. He then visited great part of *Flanders*, and, after passing some time at *Straßbourg* and *Louvain*, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Physic, he accompanied an *English* gentleman to *Geneva*.

“ It is undoubtedly fact, that this ingenious, unfortunate man, made most part of his tour on foot! He had left *England* with very little money; and, being of a philosophical turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger, he became an enthusiast to the design he had formed of seeing the manners of different countries. He had

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had some knowledge of the *French* language, and of music; he played tolerably well on the *German* flute; which, from an amusement, became at some times the means of subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses, and his music made him welcome to the peasants of *Flanders* and *Germany*. 'Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall,' he used to say, 'I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day: but in truth,' (his constant expression) 'I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them.'

"On his arrival at *Geneva*, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle, Mr. S——. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune, determined to see the world; and, on his engaging with his preceptor, made a proviso, that he should be permitted to govern himself; and our traveller soon found his pupil understood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing passion.

"During

“ During *Goldsmith's* continuance in *Switzerland*, he assiduously cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given some striking proofs at the college of *Edinburgh*. It was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called *The Traveller*, to his brother, the clergyman, in *Ireland*, who, giving up fame and fortune, had retired, with an amiable wife, to happiness and obscurity, on an income of only 40l. a year.

“ From *Geneva*, Mr. *Goldsmith* and his pupil visited the South of *France*, where the young man, upon some disagreement with his preceptor, paid him the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at *Marseilles* for *England*. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and passed through a number of difficulties in traversing the greatest part of *France*. At length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards *England*, and arrived at *Dover*, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

“ His finances were so low on his return to *England*, that he with difficulty got to this metropolis, his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few halfpence! An entire stranger in *London*, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections, in consequence of his embarrassed situation! He applied to several apothecaries, in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman; but his broad *Irish* accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance,



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pearance, occasioned him to meet with insult from most of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymist near *Fish-street*, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he discovered his old friend Dr. *Sleigh* was in *London*. This gentleman received him with the warmest affection, and liberally invited him to share his purse till some establishment could be procured for him. *Goldsmith*, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a short time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him, to assist the late Rev. Dr. *Milner*, in instructing the young gentlemen at the academy at *Peckham*; and acquitted himself greatly to the Doctor's satisfaction for a short time; but, having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written in the *Monthly Review*, Mr. *Griffiths*, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and, resolving to pursue the profession of writing, he returned to *London*, as the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the strictest œconomy, and took lodgings in *Green-Arbour-court*, in the *Old-Bailey*, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. The late Mr. *Newbery*, who at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young author, and introduced him as one of the writers in the *Public Ledger*, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under the title of '*Chinese Letters*.' " *Fortune*



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“ *Fortune* now seemed to take some notice of a man she had long neglected. The simplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of respectable persons; and he emerged from his shabby apartments near the *Old-Bailey* to the politer air of the *Temple*, where he took handsome chambers, and lived in a genteel stile. The publication of his *Traveller*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *Letters on the History of England*, was followed by the performance of his comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, at *Covent-garden* theatre, and placed him in the first rank of the poets of the present age.

“ Our Doctor, as he was now universally called, had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen; whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he has been often known to leave himself even without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others!

“ Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his *Deserted Village*, the bookseller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy; which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who observed it was a very great sum for so short a performance. ‘ In truth,’ replied *Goldsmith*, ‘ I think so too; it is much more than the honest man can afford, or

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the piece is worth; I have not been easy since I received it; therefore I will go back and return him his note;' which he absolutely did, and left it entirely to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the poem, which turned out very considerable.

"During the last rehearsal of his comedy, intitled, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Mr. Colman had no opinion would succeed, on the Doctor's objecting to the repetition of one of *Tony Lumpkin's* speeches, being apprehensive it might injure the play, the manager with great keenness replied, 'Psha, my dear Doctor, do not be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a *barrel of gunpowder*!' The piece, however, contrary to Mr. Colman's expectation, was received with uncommon applause by the audience; but *Goldsmith's* pride was so hurt by the severity of the above observation, that it entirely put an end to his friendship for the gentleman who made it.

"Notwithstanding the great success of his pieces, by some of which, it is asserted, upon good authority, he cleared 1800*l.* in one year, his circumstances were by no means in a prosperous situation! partly owing to the liberality of his disposition, and partly to an unfortunate habit he had contracted of gaming, the arts of which he knew very little of, and consequently became the prey of those

LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B. xv

those who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance.

“ Just before his death, he had formed a design for executing an *Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, the prospectus of which he actually printed, and distributed among his acquaintance. In this work, several of his literary friends (particularly Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, Dr. *Johnson*, Mr. *Beauclerc*, and Mr. *Garrick*) had engaged to furnish him with articles upon different subjects. He had entertained the most sanguine expectations from the success of it. The undertaking, however, did not meet with that encouragement from the booksellers which he had imagined it would undoubtedly receive; and he used to lament this circumstance almost to the last hour of his existence.

“ He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent strangury, which contributed not a little to embitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, being improperly treated, terminated in his dissolution on the 4th day of *April*, 1774, in the forty-third year of his age. His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in *Westminster-Abbey* where a tablet was to

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have been erected to his memory. His pall was to have been supported by Lord *Shelburne*, Lord *Louth*, Sir *Josbua Reynolds*, the Hon. Mr. *Beauclerc*, Mr. *Edmund Burke*, and Mr. *Garrick*; but, from some unaccountable circumstances, this design was dropped, and his remains were privately deposited in the *Temple* burial-ground\*.

“ As to his character, it is strongly illustrated by Mr. *Pope*'s line;

‘ In wit a man, simplicity a child.’

“ The learned leisure he loved to enjoy was too often interrupted by distresses which arose from the openness of his temper, and which sometimes threw him into loud fits of passion; but this impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection; and his servants have been known, upon these occasions, purposely to throw themselves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after; for he who had the good fortune to be reprov'd, was certain of being rewarded for it. His disappointments at other times made him peevish and fullen, and he has often left a party of convivial friends

\* As there is no vestige for strangers to distinguish the place of his interment, a number of his admirers have long wished for a subscription to be opened towards erecting a tomb, or head-stone, at his grave. The Publisher of this Volume, anxious for this tribute to Genius and Friendship, will receive subscriptions from any of Dr. GOLDSMITH's friends who may be inclined to patronise this undertaking.



friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes: a circumstance which contributed not a little to the increase of his malady.

“ The universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleasure they give in the perusal, is a striking test of their merit. He was a studious and correct observer of nature, happy in the selection of his images, in the choice of his subjects, and in the harmony of his versification; and, though his embarrassed situation prevented him from putting the last hand to many of his productions, his *Hermit*, his *Traveller*, and his *Deserted Village*, bid fair to claim a place among the most finished pieces in the *English* language.

“ The writer of these anecdotes cannot conclude without declaring, that, as different accounts have been given of this ingenious man, these are all founded upon facts, and collected by one who lived with him upon the most friendly footing for a great number of years, and who never felt any sorrow more sensibly than that which was occasioned by his death.”

Let it be turned to what theme it will, the opinion of an elevated literary character will succeed best with the million. Let us hear what Dr. *Johnson* says of our author, in his *Life of Parnell*.



“THE Life of Dr. *Parnell* is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by *Goldsmith*, a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness.

“What such an author has told, who would tell again? I have made an abstract from his larger narrative; and shall have this gratification from my attempt, that it gives me an opportunity of paying due tribute to the memory of a departed genius.”

The most interesting part of the account which Mr. *Davies* has given of our author, in his *Life of Garrick*, deserves the reader's attention. The latter part of it exhibits to mankind, feelings of the first quality in nature.

“EVERY thing of *Goldsmith* seems to bear the magical touch of an enchanter; no man took less pains, and yet produced so powerful an effect: the great beauty of his composition consists in a clear, copious, and expressive style.

“*Goldsmith*

*Goldsmith* was so sincere a man, that he could not conceal what was uppermost in his mind: so far from desiring to appear in the eye of the world to the best advantage, he took more pains to be esteemed worse than he was, than others do to appear better than they are.

His disposition of mind was tender and compassionate; no unhappy person ever sued to him for relief, without obtaining it, if he had any thing to give; and, rather than not relieve the distressed, he would borrow. The poor woman, with whom he had lodged, during his obscurity, several years in *Green-Arbour Court*, by his death lost an excellent friend; for the Doctor often supplied her with food from his table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose to be kind to her. He had his dislike, as most men have, to particular people, but unmixed with rancour. He, least of all mankind, approved *Baretti's* conversation; he considered him as an insolent, over-bearing foreigner; as *Baretti*, in his turn, thought him an unpolished man, and an absurd companion: but, when this unhappy *Italian* was charged with murder, and afterwards sent by Sir *John Fielding* to *Newgate*, *Goldsmith* opened his purse, and would have given him every shilling it contained; he, at the same time, insisted upon going in the coach with him to the place of his confinement.

A handsome Monument was erected to his Memory, some time since, in *Westminster-Abbey*, in the Poets' Corner, between *Gay's* and the Duke of *Argyle's*, with the following Inscription, supposed to be written by *Dr. Johnson*.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,

Poëtæ, Physici, Historici,

Qui nullum fere scribendi, genus

non tetigit,

nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;

sive risus essent movendi,

sive lacrimæ,

effectuum potens, at lenis dominator;

ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;

oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus;

Hoc monumento memoriam coluit

Sodalium amor,

Amicorum fides,

Lectorum veneratio.

Natus Hibernia, Forneia Londfordiensis,

in loco cui nomen Pallas,

Nov. XXIX, MDCCXXXI.

Eblanæ literis institutus,

Obiit Londini,

Apr. IV. MDCCCLXXIV.

Among

Among a variety of other pieces to this excellent writer's memory, the following are the most distinguished for poetical merit.

EPITAPH ON DR. GOLDSMITH.

By W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet Bard! to each fine feeling true,  
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;  
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds—and  
These  
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.  
Another's woe thy heart could always melt,  
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt.  
Sweet Bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays  
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise;  
Yes—These survive to Time's remotest day,  
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.  
Reader! if number'd in the Muses' train,  
Go tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;  
But if no poet thou, reverse the plan,  
Depart in peace, and imitate the Man.



EXTRACT from *THE TEARS of GENIUS*;

Occasioned by the Death of Dr. Goldsmith.

By J. S. PRATT.

THE village-bell tolls out the note of Death,  
 And, through the echoing air, the length'ning  
 found,  
 With dreadful pause, reverberating deep,  
 Spreads the sad tidings o'er fair *Auburn's* vale.  
 There, to enjoy the scenes her bard had prais'd  
 In all the sweet simplicity of song,  
*Genius*, in pilgrim garb, sequester'd sat,  
 And herded jocund with the harmless swains:  
 But, when she heard the fate-foreboding knell,  
 With startled step, precipitate and swift,  
 And look pathetic, full of dire presage,  
 The church-way walk, beside the neighb'ring  
 green,  
 Sorrowing she sought; and there, in black array,  
 Borne on the shoulders of the swains he lov'd,  
 She saw the boast of *Auburn* mov'd along.  
 Touch'd at the view, her pensive breast she struck,  
 And, to the cypress, which incumbent hangs,  
 With leaning slope, and branch irregular,  
 O'er the moss'd pillars of the sacred fane,  
 Th' briar-bound graves shad'wing with fun'ral  
 gloom,  
 Forlorn she hied; and there the crouding woe  
 (Swell'd by the parent) press'd on bleeding  
 thought,



Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,  
Fast broke the bosom-sorrow from her heart,  
And pale *Distress* sat sickly on her cheek,  
As thus her plaintive elegy began:—

‘And must my children all expire?  
Shall none be left to strike the lyre?  
Courts *Death* alone a learned prize?  
Falls his shafts only on the wife?  
Can no fit marks on earth be found,  
From useless thousands swarming round?  
What crouding cyphers cram the land!  
What hosts of victims at command!  
Yet shall th’ ingenious drop alone!  
Shall *Science* grace the tyrant’s throne?  
Thou murd’rer of the tuneful train!

I charge thee with my children slain!  
Scarce has the sun thrice urg’d his annual tour,  
Since half my race have felt thy barbarous power:  
Sore hast thou thinn’d each pleasing art,  
And struck a Muse with every dart:  
Bard, after Bard, obey’d thy slaughtering call,  
‘Till scarce a Poet lives to sing a brother’s fall,  
Then, let a widow’d mother pay  
The tribute of a parting lay,  
Tearful, inscribe the monumental strain,  
And speak, aloud, her feelings, and her pain!

And, first, farewell to thee, my son,’ she cried,  
‘Thou pride of *Auburn*’s dale—sweet bard, fare-  
well!’

Long, for thy sake, the peasants tears shall flow,  
And many a virgin-bosom heave with woe;

For

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For thee shall sorrow sadden all the scene,  
And every pastime perish on the green;  
The sturdy Farmer shall suspend his tale,  
The Woodman's ballad shall no more regale;  
No more shall mirth each rustic sport inspire,  
But every frolic, every feat, shall tire.  
No more the ev'ning gambol shall delight,  
Nor moonshine revels crown the vacant night;  
But groupes of Villagers, each joy forgot,  
Shall form a sad assembly round the cot.  
Sweet Bard, farewell!—and farewell *Auburn's*  
    bliss,  
The bashful lover, and the yielded kiss:  
The evening warble *Philomela* made,  
The echoing forest, and the whispering shade,  
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,  
And the blithe voice that “whistled as it went.”  
These shall no longer charm the plowman's care,  
But sighs shall fill the pauses of despair.

*Goldsmith*, adieu! the “book-learn'd Priest” for  
    thee

Shall now, in vain, possess his festive glee;  
The oft-heard jest in vain he shall reveal,  
For now alas! the jest he cannot feel:  
But ruddy Damsels o'er thy tomb shall bend,  
And, conscious, weep for their and Virtue's friend;  
The Milkmaid shall reject the shepherd's song,  
And cease to carol as she toils along:  
All *Auburn* shall bewail the fatal day,  
When, from their fields, their pride was snatch'd  
    away;

And

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And even the Matron of the creffy lake,  
In piteous plight, her palsied head shall shake,  
While, all a down the furrows of her face,  
Slow shall the lingering tears each other trace.

And, oh my child, severer woes remain  
To all the houseless and unshelter'd train:  
Thy fate shall sadden many an humble guest,  
And heap fresh anguish on the beggar's breast;  
For dear wert thou to all the sons of pain,  
To all that wander, sorrow, or complain;  
Dear to the learned, to the simple dear,  
For daily blessings mark'd thy virtuous year;  
The rich receiv'd a moral from thy head,  
And, from thy heart, the stranger found a bed:  
Distress came always smiling from thy door,  
For GOD had made thee agent to the poor,  
Had form'd thy feelings on the noblest plan,  
To grace at once the Poet and the Man.

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T H E  
B E A U T I E S  
O F  
G O L D S M I T H.

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STORY OF MISS SYLVIA S——.

MISS SYLVIA S—— was descended from one of the best families in the kingdom, and was left a large fortune upon her sister's decease. She had early in life been introduced into the best company, and contracted a passion for elegance and expence. It is usual to make the heroine of a story very witty, and very beautiful; and such circumstances are so surely expected, that they are scarce attended to. But whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady. Her superiority in both was allowed by all, who either heard, or had seen her. She was naturally gay, generous to a fault, good-natured to the highest degree, affable in conversation; and some of her letters, and other writings, as well in verse as prose, would have shone amongst those of the most celebrated wits of this or any other age, had they been published.

B

But

## 2 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

But these great qualifications were marked by another, which lessened the value of them all. She was imprudent ! But let it not be imagined, that her reputation or honour suffered by her imprudence ; I only mean, she had no knowledge of the use of money ; she relieved distress, by putting herself into the circumstances of the object whose wants she supplied.

She was arrived at the age of nineteen, when the croud of her lovers, and the continual repetition of new flattery, had taught her to think she could never be forsaken, and never poor. Young ladies are apt to expect a certainty of success, from a number of lovers ; and yet I have seldom seen a girl courted by an hundred lovers, that found an husband in any. Before the choice is fixed, she has either lost her reputation, or her good sense ; and the loss of either is sufficient to consign her to perpetual virginity.

Among the number of this young lady's lovers, was the celebrated S——, who, at that time, went by the name of *the good-natured man*. 'This gentleman, with talents that might have done honour to humanity, suffered himself to fall at length into the lowest state of debasement. He followed the dictates of every newest passion ; his love, his pity, his generosity, and even his friendships, were all in excess : he was unable to make head against any of his sensations or desires ; but they were in  
general

general worthy wishes and desires; for he was constitutionally virtuous. This gentleman, who at last died in a goal, was, at that time, this lady's envied favourite.

It is probable that he, thoughtless creature! had no other prospect from this amour, but that of passing the present moments agreeably. He only courted dissipation; but the lady's thoughts were fixed on happiness. At length, however, his debts amounting to a considerable sum, he was arrested, and thrown into prison. He endeavoured at first to conceal his situation from his beautiful mistress; but she soon came to a knowledge of his distress, and took a fatal resolution of freeing him from confinement by discharging all the demands of his creditors.

Mr. *Nash* \* was at that time in *London*, and represented to the thoughtless young lady, that such a measure would effectually ruin both; that so warm a concern for the interests of Mr. S—— would, in the first place, quite impair her fortune in the eyes of our sex, and, what was worse, lessen her reputation in those of her own. He added, that thus bringing Mr. S—— from prison, would be only a temporary relief; that a mind so generous as his, would become bankrupt under the load of gratitude; and, instead of improving in friendship or affection, he would only study to

B 2

avoid

\* *Then Master of the Ceremonies at Bath.*



#### 4 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

avoid a creditor he could never repay : that, though small favours produce good-will, great ones destroy friendship. These admonitions, however, were disregarded ; and she too late found the prudence and truth of her adviser. In short, her fortune was by this means exhausted ; and, with all her attractions, she found her acquaintance began to disesteem her, in proportion as she became poor.

In this situation she accepted Mr. *Nash's* invitation of returning to *Bath*. He promised to introduce her to the best company there ; and he was assured that her merit would do the rest. Upon her very first appearance, ladies of the highest distinction courted her friendship and esteem ; but a settled melancholy had taken possession of her mind, and no amusements that they could propose were sufficient to divert it. Yet still, as if from habit, she followed the crowd in its levities, and frequented those places where all persons endeavour to forget themselves in the bustle of ceremony and show.

Her beauty, her simplicity, and her unguarded situation, soon drew the attention of a designing wretch, who at that time kept one of the rooms at Bath, and who thought that this lady's merit, properly managed, might turn to good account. This woman's name was Dame *Lindsey*, a creature, who, though vicious, was in appearance sanctified ; and, though designing, had some wit and  
humour.

humour. She began, by the humblest assiduity, to ingratiate herself with Miss S——; shewed that she could be amusing as a companion, and by frequent offers of money, proved that she could be useful as a friend. Thus, by degrees, she gained an entire ascendant over this poor, thoughtless, deserted girl; and, in less than one year, namely, about 1727, Miss S——, without ever transgressing the laws of virtue, had entirely lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at Dame *Lindsley's*, *Sylvia*, as she was then familiarly called, was sent for, and was obliged to suffer all those slights, which the rich but too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune.

In most, even the greatest minds, the heart at last becomes level with the meanness of its condition; but in this charming girl it struggled hard with adversity, and yielded to every encroachment of contempt with sullen reluctance.

But though in the course of three years she was in the very eye of public inspection, yet Mr. *Wood*, the architect, avers, that he could never, by the strictest observations, perceive her to be tainted with any other vice, than that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming-table, and at her own hazard, playing for the amusement and advantage of others. Her friend, Mr. *Nash*, therefore, thought proper to induce her to break off all connections with Dame *Lindsley*, and to rent part

6 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

of Mr. *Wood's* house, in *Queen-square*, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, regularity, and virtue.

In this situation, her detestation of life still continued; she found, that time would infallibly deprive her of part of her attractions, and that continual solicitude would impair the rest. With these reflections she would frequently entertain herself, and an old faithful maid, in the vales of *Bath*, whenever the weather would permit them to walk out. She would even sometimes start questions in company, with seeming unconcern, in order to know what act of suicide was easiest, and which was attended with the smallest pain. When tired with exercise, she generally retired to meditation; and she became habituated to early hours of sleep and rest. But when the weather prevented her usual exercise, and her sleep was thus more difficult, she made it a rule to rise from her bed, and walk about her chamber, till she began to find an inclination for repose.

This custom made it necessary for her to order a burning candle to be kept all night in her room: and the maid usually, when she withdrew, locked the chamber door; and, pushing the key under it beyond reach, her mistress, by that constant method, lay undisturbed till seven o'clock in the morning; then she arose, unlocked the door, and rang the bell, as a signal for the maid to return.

This

This state of seeming piety, regularity, and prudence, continued for some time, till the gay, celebrated, toasted Miss *Sylvia*, was sunk into an housekeeper to the gentleman at whose house she lived. She was unable to keep company, for want of the elegancies of dress, that are the usual passport among the polite; and she was too haughty to seem to want them. The fashionable, the amusing, and the polite, in society, now seldom visited her; and, from being once the object of every eye, she was now deserted by all, and preyed upon by the bitter reflections of her own imprudence.

Mr. *Wood*, and part of his family, were gone to *London*. Miss *Sylvia* was left with the rest as a governess, at *Bath*. She sometimes saw Mr. *Nash*, and acknowledged the friendship of his admonitions, though she refused to accept any other marks of his generosity than that of advice. Upon the close of the day in which Mr. *Wood* was expected to return from *London*, she expressed some uneasiness at the disappointment of not seeing him; took particular care to settle the affairs of his family; and then, as usual, sat down to meditation. She now cast a retrospect over her past misconduct, and her approaching misery; she saw, that even affluence gave her no real happiness, and from indigence she thought nothing could be hoped but lingering calamity. She at length conceived the fatal resolution of leaving a life, in which she could



8 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

see no corner for comfort, and terminating a scene of imprudence in suicide.

Thus resolved, she sat down at her dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following elegant lines on one of the panes of the window :

O Death ! thou pleasing end of human woe !  
Thou cure for life ! Thou greatest good below !  
Still may'st thou fly the coward, and the slave,  
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

She then went into company with the most chearful serenity ; talked of indifferent subjects till supper, which she ordered to be got ready in a little library belonging to the family. There she spent the remaining hours, preceding bed-time, in dandling two of Mr. *Wood*'s children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber, she went into the nursery, to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in the cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the conscioufness of her meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears, and hugging it in her arms ; she then bid her old servant a good night, for the first time she had ever done so, and went to bed as usual.

It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with an alternation of passions, before she

she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean linen, and white garments of every kind, like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread. The end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots, at a small distance from one another.

Thus prepared, she sat down again, and read; for she left the book open at that place, in the story of *Olympia*, in the *Orlando Furioso* of *Ariosto*, where, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined, and left to the mercy of an un pitying world. This tragical event gave her fresh spirits to go through her fatal purpose; so standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle, which was tied round her neck, over a closet door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended. Her weight however broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell upon the floor with such violence, that her fall awakened a workman that lay in the house about half an hour after two o'clock.

Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room, as her usual custom was when she wanted sleep; and the workman imagining it to be only some ordinary accident, again went to sleep.

sleep. She once more, therefore, had recourse to a stronger girdle, made of silver thread ; and this kept her suspended till she died.

Her old maid continued in the morning to wait as usual for the ringing of the bell, and protracted her patience, hour after hour, till two o'clock in the afternoon ; when the workmen at length entering the room through the window, found their unfortunate mistress still hanging, and quite cold. The coroner's jury being impanelled, brought in their verdict, Lunacy; and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave, at the charge of a female companion, with whom she had for many years an inseparable intimacy.

Thus ended a female wit, a toast, and a gamester ; loved, admired, and forsaken ; formed for the delight of society, fallen by imprudence into an object of pity. Hundreds in high life lamented her fate, and wished, when too late, to redress her injuries. They who once had helped to impair her fortune, now regretted that they assisted in so mean a pursuit. The little effects she had left behind were bought up with the greatest avidity, by those who desired to preserve some token of a companion that once had given them such delight. The remembrance of every virtue she was possessed of was now improved by pity. Her former follies were few, but the last swelled them to a large amount. As she remains the  
strongest

strongest instance to posterity, that want of prudence alone, almost cancels every other virtue.

*Life of Nash, p. 84.*

## C A L A M I T I E S.

MAN little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them. As in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shews us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

*Vicar of Wakefield, v. 1. p. 199.*

## B O O K S.

BOOKS, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail, and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert.



## 12 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

concert. I dislike therefore the philosopher who describes the inconveniencies of life in such pleasing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniencies till he severely feels them.

*Citizen of the World, v. 2. p. 7.*

## HOSPITALITY.

HOSPITALITY is one of the first christian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow creature. The greatest stranger in this world was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 1. p. 59.*

## INHUMANITY.

WE should never strike an unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment.

*Ibid. v. 1. p. 62.*

## GOOD-NATURE.

TO the good-natured, subsequent distress often atones for former guilt; and while reason would repress humanity, our hearts plead in favour of the wretched.

*Hist. of England, in Letters from a Nobleman to his Son, v. 2. p. 200.*

K N O W L E D G E.

THE volume of nature is the book of knowledge ; and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 14.*

OPINION OF THE ENGLISH.

THE English in general seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with : this gives a formality to their amusements ; their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation ; though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness : you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours : their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger ; but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance

## 14 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

pearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 13.*

## R E P U T A T I O N.

AS the reputation of books is raised not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties ; so should that of men be prized not for their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 1. p. 158.*

## G R E A T N E S S.

IT is the misfortune of humanity, that we can never know true greatness till that moment when we are going to lose it.

*Hist. of England, v. 2. p. 266.*

## F A V O U R.

EVERY favour a man receives, in some measure sinks him below his dignity ; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude : the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependant is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent ; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other  
lingers

lingers in all the silence of mental confinement. To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising; till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 142.*

### V I C E.

WE are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 1. p. 162.*

### M A L I C E.

TO be at once merry and malicious, is the sign of a corrupt heart, and mean understanding.

*Hist. of England, v. 2. p. 36.*

### B E N E F A C T I O N.

IN general, the benefactions of a generous man are but ill bestowed. His heart seldom gives him leave to examine the real distress of the object which sues for pity; his good-nature takes the alarm too soon, and he bestows his fortune only on apparent wretchedness. The man naturally frugal, on the other hand, seldom relieves; but when he does, his reason, and not his sensations, generally finds out the object. Every instance of  
his



## 16 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

his bounty is therefore permanent, and bears witness to his benevolence.

*Life of Nash, p. 114.*

## COMMUNION WITH OUR OWN HEARTS.

IF we could but learn to commune with our own hearts, and know what noble company we can make them, we should little regard the elegance and splendors of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 2. p. 49.*

## V A S S A L A G E.

IT is perhaps one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to live among men whose real value is lessened by dependance, and whose minds are enslaved by obligation. The humble companion may have at first accepted patronage with generous views; but soon he feels the mortifying influence of conscious inferiority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration. To remedy this, the great often dismiss their old dependants, and take new. Such changes are falsely imputed to levity, falsehood,

or

## THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH. 17

or caprice, in the patron, since they may be more justly ascribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 144.*

## A D V E R S I T Y.

THE greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 2. p. 107.*

## D E S I G N I N G   L O V E R S.

DESIGNING lovers in the decline of life are ever most dangerous. Skilled in all the weaknesses of the sex, they seize each favourable opportunity, and by having less passion than youthful admirers, have less real respect, and therefore less timidity.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 260.*

## C I V I L   W A R.

CIVIL war is in itself terrible, but still more so when heightened by cruelty. How guilty forever men may be, it is ever the business of a soldier to remember, that he is only to fight an enemy that opposes him, and to spare the suppliant.

*Hist. of England, v. 2. p. 200.*

POLITE-

## P O L I T E N E S S.

SOME great minds are only fitted to put forth their powers in the storm; and the occasion is often wanting, during a whole life, for a great exertion: but trifling opportunities of shining, are almost every hour offered to the little sedulous mind; and a person thus employed, is not only more pleasing, but more useful in a state of tranquil society.

*Life of Nash, p. 73.*

## EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

- ‘TURN, gentle *Hermit* of the dale,  
 ‘ And guide my lonely way  
 ‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale  
 ‘ With hospitable ray:
- ‘ For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,  
 ‘ With fainting steps and slow,  
 ‘ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,  
 ‘ Seem length’ning as I go.’
- ‘ Forbear, my son,’ the *Hermit* cries,  
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
 ‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies  
 ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.

‘ Here

- ‘ Here to the houseless child of want  
   ‘ My door is open still ;
- ‘ And though my portion is but scant,  
   ‘ I give it with good-will.
- ‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share  
   ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
- ‘ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,  
   ‘ My blessing, and repose.
- ‘ No flocks that range the valley free,  
   ‘ To slaughter I condemn :
- ‘ Taught by that Power that pities me,  
   ‘ I learn to pity them.
- ‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side  
   ‘ A guiltless feast I bring ;
- ‘ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,  
   ‘ And water from the spring.
- ‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;  
   ‘ All earth-born cares are wrong :
- ‘ Man wants but little here below,  
   ‘ Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from Heav’n descends,  
 His gentle accents fell :  
 The modest stranger lowly bends,  
 And follows to the cell.



Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay,  
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,  
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
 Requir'd a master's care;  
 The wicket op'ning with a latch,  
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crouds retire  
 To take their evening rest,  
 The *Hermit* trimm'd his little fire,  
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gaily prest, and smil'd,  
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;  
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;  
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.

His



His rising cares the *Hermit* spy'd,  
 With answ'ring care oppress'd :  
 ' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,  
 ' The sorrows of thy breast?

' From better habitations spurn'd,  
 ' Reluctant dost thou rove?  
 ' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
 ' Or unregarded love?

' Alas! the joys that fortune brings,  
 ' Are trifling, and decay;  
 ' And those who prize the paltry things,  
 ' More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,  
 ' A charm that lulls to sleep;  
 ' A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
 ' But leaves the wretch to weep?

' And Love is still an emptier sound,  
 ' The modern fair-one's jest,  
 ' On earth unseen, or only found  
 ' To warm the turtle's nest.

' For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,  
 ' And spurn the sex,' he said:  
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush  
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd,

22 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise  
 Swift mantling to the view,  
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
 Alternate spread alarms;  
 The lovely stranger stands confest  
 A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,  
 ‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d,  
 ‘ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude  
 ‘ Where Heav’n and you reside.

‘ But let a maid thy pity share,  
 ‘ Whom Love has taught to stray;  
 ‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
 ‘ Companion of her way.

‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,  
 ‘ A wealthy Lord was he;  
 ‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,  
 ‘ He had but only me.

‘ To win me from his tender arms,  
 ‘ Unnumber’d suitors came;  
 ‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,  
 ‘ And felt or feign’d a flame.

‘ Each

- ‘ Each hour a mercenary croud
- ‘ With richest proffers strove :
- ‘ Among the rest young *Edwin* bow’d,
- ‘ But never talk’d of love.
  
- ‘ In humble, simplest habit clad,
- ‘ No wealth or power had he :
- ‘ Wisdom and worth were all he had ;
- ‘ But these were all to me.
  
- ‘ The blossom op’ning to the day,
- ‘ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
- ‘ Could nought of purity display,
- ‘ To emulate his mind.
  
- ‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
- ‘ With charms inconstant shine ;
- ‘ Their charms were his, but, woe to me !
- ‘ Their constancy was mine :
  
- ‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
- ‘ Importunate and vain ;
- ‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
- ‘ I triumph’d in his pain ;
  
- ‘ ’Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
- ‘ He left me to my pride,
- ‘ And sought a solitude forlorn,
- ‘ In secret, where he died.

‘ But

- ‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault;  
   ‘ And well my life shall pay;  
   ‘ I’ll seek the solitude he fought,  
     ‘ And stretch me where he lay—
- ‘ And there forlorn, despairing hid,  
   ‘ I’ll lay me down and die;  
   ‘ ’Twas so for me that *Edwin* did,  
     ‘ And so for him will I.’
- ‘ Forbid it, Heaven!’ the *Hermit* cry’d,  
   And clasp’d her to his breast:  
 The wond’ring fair-one turn’d to chide—  
   ’Twas *Edwin*’s self that prest.
- ‘ Turn, *Angelina*, ever dear,  
   ‘ My charmer, turn to see  
   ‘ Thy own, thy long-lost *Edwin* here,  
     ‘ Restor’d to love and thee.
- ‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
   ‘ And ev’ry care resign;  
   ‘ And shall we never, never part,  
     ‘ My life—my all that’s mine?
- ‘ No, never, from this hour to part,  
   ‘ We’ll live and love so true;  
   ‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
     ‘ Shall break thy *Edwin*’s too.’

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. i. p. 78.*

DRESS.



## D R E S S.

ALL things rare and brilliant will ever continue to be fashionable, while men derive greater advantage from opulence than virtue; while the means of appearing considerable are more easily acquired than the title to be considered. The first impression we generally make, arises from our dress; and this varies in conformity to our inclinations, and the manner in which we desire to be considered. The modest man, or he who would wish to be thought so, desires to shew the simplicity of his mind by the plainness of his dress: the vain man, on the contrary, takes a pleasure in displaying his superiority, "and is willing to incur the spectator's dislike, so he does but excite his attention."

*Hist. of Animals, p. 99.*

## J U S T I C E.

Of all virtues Justice is the most difficult to be practised by a king who has a power to pardon. All men, even tyrants themselves, lean to mercy when unbiassed by passions or interest. The heart naturally persuades to forgiveness; and pursuing the dictates of this pleasing deceiver, we are led to prefer our private satisfaction to public utility. What a thorough love for the public, what a strong command over the passions, what a finely conducted judgment must he possess, who opposes the dictates of reason to those of his heart, and prefers the

future interest of his people to his own immediate satisfaction!

If still to a man's own natural biafs for tenderness, we add the numerous sollicitations made by a criminal's friends for mercy; if we survey a king not only opposing his own feelings, but reluctantly refusing those he regards, and this to satisfy the public, whose cries he may never hear, whose gratitude he may never receive; this surely is true greatness! Let us fancy ourselves for a moment in this just old man's place, surrounded by numbers, all solliciting the same favour, a favour that nature disposes us to grant, where the inducements to pity are laid before us in the strongest light, suppliants at our feet, some ready to resent a refusal, none opposing a compliance; let us, I say, suppose ourselves in such a situation, and I fancy we should find ourselves more apt to act the character of good-natured men than of upright magistrates.

What contributes to raise justice above all other kingly virtues is, that it is attended seldom with a due share of applause, and those who practise it must be influenced by greater motives than empty fame. The people are generally well pleased with a remission of punishment, and all that wears the appearance of humanity; it is the wise alone who are capable of discerning that impartial justice is the truest mercy: they know it to be difficult, very difficult,

difficult, at once to compassionate, and yet condemn an object that pleads for tenderness.

*Cit. of the World, p. 160.*

## V A N I T Y.

O VANITY ! thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt, serve but to sink us ! Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy.

*Good-natured Man, p. 42.*

## DIGNITY OF MAN.

MANKIND have ever been prone to expatiate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity ; they have declaimed with that ostentation, which usually accompanies such as are sure of having a partial audience ; they have obtained victories, because there were none to oppose. Yet, from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high, than by having too despicable an opinion of their nature ; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, depress their real value in society.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 201.*

## INGRATITUDE OF THE WORLD.

THE ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

*Good-natured Man, p. 32.*

## A B I L I T I E S.

IN learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves, by observing that the most swift are ever the least manageable.

TO know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for, if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 266.*

## P R A I S E.

PRAISE bestowed on living merit is often found to injure the goodness it applauds.

*Hist. of Eng. in Let. v. 2. p. 274.*

I N D E -



## I N D E P E N D E N C E.

A LIFE of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure ; but to receive, our shame. Serenity, health, and affluence, attend the desire of rising by labour ; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blest ; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 145.*

## S O N G.

“ WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
 “ And finds too late that men betray,  
 “ What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
 “ What art can wash her guilt away ?

“ The only art her guilt to cover,  
 “ To hide her shame from ev’ry eye,  
 “ To give repentance to her lover,  
 “ And wring his bosom—is to die.”

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 2. p. 51.*

## A F F E C T I O N.

WHEN men arrive at a certain station of greatness, their regards are dissipated on too great a number of objects to feel parental affection: the ties of nature are only strong with those who have but few friends, or few dependants.

*Hist. of Eng. in let. v. 1. p. 195.*

## G E N E R O S I T Y.

GENEROSITY properly applied will supply every other external advantage in life, but the love of those we converse with; it will procure esteem and a conduct resembling real affection: but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind; no generosity can purchase, no rewards increase, and no liberality continue it; the very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affections upon the object he should love, and voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 1.*

## G R A T I T U D E.

GRATITUDE is never conferred, but where there have been previous endeavours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits wear a load till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance  
of

of humiliation; and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels the debt.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 2.*

## LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

LOVE is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating affection of the mind; we never reflect on the man we *love*, without exulting in our choice, while he who has bound us to him by *benefits* alone, rises to our idea as a person to whom we have in some measure forfeited our freedom. Love and gratitude are seldom therefore found in the same breast without impairing each other; we may tender the one or the other singly to those we converse with, but cannot command both together. By attempting to increase, we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to tenderness.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 3.*

## FAVOURS.

IN all our connexions with society, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow, and endeavour to make the obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by stratagem, and

not by open force: We should seem ignorant that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections; for constraint may indeed leave the receiver still grateful, but it will certainly produce disgust.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 3.*

### LIBERALITY.

IMPARTED fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor good will, may load the person obliged with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate: this is gratitude; and simple gratitude, untinctured with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow for former benefits.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 2.*

### GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

GRATITUDE and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men, we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us; we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 2.*



## REFLECTION ON THE EARTH.

THE Earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty; returns with interest every good committed to her care; and, though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote; though constantly teized more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and, when life is over, she piously covers his remains in her bosom.

*Hist. of the Earth p. 54.*

REJOICING AT THE DESTRUCTION  
OF OUR ENEMIES.

TO rejoice at the destruction of our enemies, is a foible grafted upon human nature, and we must be permitted to indulge it: the true way of atoning for such an ill-founded pleasure, is thus to turn our triumph into an act of benevolence, and to testify our own joy by endeavouring to banish anxiety from others.

*Hamti*, the best and wisest emperor that ever filled the throne, after having gained three signal victories over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to *Nankin* in order to enjoy the glory of his conquest. After he had rested for some days, the people, who are naturally fond of

processions, impatiently expected the triumphal entry, which emperors upon such occasions were accustomed to make. Their murmurs came to the emperor's ear. He loved his people, and was willing to do all in his power to satisfy their just desires. He therefore assured them that he intended, upon the next feast of the Lanterns, to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen in China.

The people were in raptures at his condescension; and, on the appointed day, assembled at the gates of the palace with the most eager expectations. Here they waited for some time, without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageant. The lantern, with ten thousand tapers, was not yet brought forth; the fire-works, which usually covered the city walls, were not yet lighted: the people once more began to murmur at this delay; when, in the midst of their impatience, the palace gates flew open, and the emperor himself appeared, not in splendor or magnificence, but in an ordinary habit followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all in new clothes, and each carrying in his hand money enough to supply his necessities for the year. The people were at first amazed, but soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them, that to make one man happy, was more truly great than having ten thousand captives groaning at the wheels of his chariot.

*Cit. of the World. v. 1. p. 89.*

## THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The Village-Preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his  
     place;

Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
 More skill to raise the wretched, than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:  
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast:  
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd:  
 The broken foldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were  
     won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to  
     glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;  
 But in his duty prompt, at every call  
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt, for all;  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,  
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.  
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.  
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's  
 smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,  
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

*Deserted Village, p. 8.*



## Y O U T H.

IT has been often said, that the season of youth is the season of pleasures; but this can only be true in savage countries, where but little preparation is made for the perfection of human nature, and where the mind has but a very small part in the enjoyment. It is otherwise in those places where nature is carried to the highest pitch of refinement, in which this season of the greatest sensual delight is wisely made subservient to the succeeding, and more rational one of manhood. Youth, with us, is but a scene of preparation; a drama, upon the right conduct of which all future happiness is to depend. The youth who follows his appetites, too soon seizes the cup, before it has received its best ingredients; and, by anticipating his pleasures, robs the remaining parts of life of their share; so that his eagerness only produces a manhood of imbecility, and an age of pain.

*Hist. of Animals. p. 70.*

## T H E S O U L.

WHEN the soul is at rest, all the features of the visage seem settled in a state of profound tranquility. Their proportion, their union, and their harmony, seem to mark the sweet serenity of the mind, and give a true information of what passes within. But when the soul is excited, the  
human

human visage becomes a living picture; where the passions are expressed with as much delicacy as energy, where every motion is designed by some correspondent feature, where every impression anticipates the will, and betrays those hidden agitations that he would often wish to conceal.

IT is particularly in the eyes that the passions are painted; and in which we may most readily discover their beginning. The eye seems to belong to the soul more than any other organ; it seems to participate of all its emotions, as well the most soft and tender, as the most tumultuous and forceful. It not only receives, but transmits them by sympathy; the observing eye of one catches the secret fire from another; and the passion thus often becomes general.

*Ibid. p. 81.*

## N A T U R E.

TO copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the Ancients with indefatigable industry.

*Life of Parnell, p. 21.*

RE-

REFLECTION on the LIFE of a SCHOLAR.

THE life of a scholar seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude; and the historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions, by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing.

*Life of Parnell, p. 1.*

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MONARCHICAL  
AND REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

WE now are all agreed, that unlimited power arrogated on one side, and the tumultuous freedom introduced on the other, are both intolerable; yet, of the two, perhaps despotism is superior. In a republic, the number of tyrants are uncontrollable; for they can support each other in oppression: in a monarchy, there is one object, who if he offends, is easily punishable, because he is but one. The oppressions of a monarch are generally exerted only in the narrow sphere round him; the oppressions of the governors of a republic, though not so flagrant, are more universal: the monarch is apt to commit great enormities, but they seldom reach the multitude at humble distance from the throne; the republican despot oppresses the multitude that lies within the circle of his influence,  
for

for he knows them: the monarch terrifies me with great evils, which I may never feel; the despot actually loads me with submissions, which I am constantly obliged to sustain; and, in my opinion, it is much better to be in danger of having my head chopped off with an axe, once in my life, than to have my leg galled with a continual fetter.

*Hist. of Eng. in Let. &c. v. 2. p. 18.*

#### REFLECTION ON THE LIFE OF A POET.

A POET, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention: his real merits are known but to a few: and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition: the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chace by the meridian splendor.

*Life of Parnell, p. 3.*

#### S U C C E S S.

HAPPY if we know when to bound our successes; happy if we can distinguish between victories and advantages; if we can be convinced, that when a nation shines brightest with conquest, it may then, like a wasting taper, be only hastening to decay.

*Hist. of Eng. in Let. &c. v. 2. p. 258.*

NATU-



## NATURAL EVILS.

GOD has permitted thousands of natural evils to exist in the world, because it is by their intervention that man is capable of moral evil; and he has permitted that we should be subject to moral evil, that we might do something to deserve eternal happiness, by shewing we had rectitude to avoid it.

*Hist. of the Earth, p. 20.*

## ASSUMING IGNORANCE.

ASSUMING IGNORANCE is, of all dispositions, the most ridiculous: for, in the same proportion as the real man of wisdom is preferable to the unlettered rustic, so much is the rustic superior to him, who without learning imagines himself learned. It were better that such a man had never read; for then he might have been conscious of his weakness: but the half-learned man, relying upon his strength, seldom perceives his wants till he finds his deception past a cure.

*Hist. of Eng. in Let. &c. v. 1. p. 8.*

## OPINION RELATIVE TO CHILDREN.

WHEN men speculate at liberty upon innate ideas, or the abstracted distinctions between will and power, they may be permitted to enjoy their systems at pleasure, as they are harmless, although they may be wrong: but when they alledge that  
children

## 42 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

children are to be every day plunged in cold water, and, whatever be their constitution, indiscriminately inured to cold and moisture; that they are to be kept wet in the feet, to prevent their catching cold; and never to be corrected when young, for fear of breaking their spirits when old; these are such noxious errors, that all reasonable men should endeavour to oppose them. Many have been the children whom these opinions, begun in speculation, have injured or destroyed in practice; and I have seen many a little philosophical martyr whom I wished, but was unable to relieve.

*Hist. of Animals. p. 66.*

H O P E :

A S O N G.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,  
Still, still on Hope relies;  
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
Bids Expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,  
Adorns and cheers the way,  
And still, as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter ray.

*Captivity, an Oratorio.*

## UTILITY OF NEW BOOKS.

IN proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary. Savage rusti-  
city

city is reclaimed by oral admonition alone; but the elegant excesses of refinement are best corrected by the still voice of studious enquiry. In a polite age, almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit. The preaching Bonse may instruct the illiterate peasant; but nothing less than the insinuating address of a fine writer can win its way to a heart already relaxed in all the effeminacy of refinement. Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite; but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly,—should still be new.

Instead, therefore, of thinking the number of new publications too great, I could wish it still greater, as they are the most useful instruments of reformation. Every country must be instructed either by *writers* or *preachers*; but as the number of readers increases, the number of hearers is proportionably diminished,—the writer becomes more useful, and the preaching Bonse less necessary.

Instead, therefore, of complaining that writers are overpaid, when their works procure them a bare subsistence, I should imagine it the duty of a state, not only to encourage their numbers, but their industry. A Bonse is rewarded with immense riches for instructing only a few, even of the most ignorant, of the people; and sure the poor scholar should not beg his bread, who is capable of instructing a million.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 45.*

## M O D E S T Y.

MODESTY seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

*She Stoops to Conquer*, p. 7.

## H A P P I N E S S.

IT is impossible to form a philosophic system of happiness which is adapted to every condition in life, since every person who travels in this great pursuit, takes a separate road. The different colours which suit different complexions, are not more various than the different pleasures appropriated to particular minds. The various sects who have pretended to give lessons to instruct men in happiness, have described their own particular sensations without considering ours, have only loaded their disciples with constraint, without adding to their real felicity.

*Cit. of the World*, v. 1. p. 184.

## E N J O Y M E N T.

WE consider few objects with ardent attention, but those which have some connexion with our wishes, our pleasures, or our necessities. A desire of enjoyment first interests our passions in the pursuit, points out the object of investigation, and reason then comments where sense has led the way. An increase in the number of our enjoyments, therefore, necessarily produces an increase of scientific



tific research; but in countries where almost every enjoyment is wanting, reason there seems destitute of its great inspirer, and speculation is the business of fools when it becomes its own reward.

*Cit. of the World. v. 2. p. 37.*

## G R E A T N E S S.

WHEN a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment, or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a tea-pot for a tobacco-box, it is said, that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects: to speak and act like the rest of mankind, is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 41.*

## M A N.

MAN is the lord of all the sublunary creation; the howling savage, the winding serpent, with all the untameable and rebellious offspring of nature, are destroyed in the contest, or driven at a distance from his habitations. The extensive and tempestuous ocean, instead of limiting or dividing his power, only serves to assist his industry, and enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments. Its billows, and its monsters, instead of presenting a scene of  
terror,

terror, only call up the courage of this little intrepid being; and the greatest danger that man now fears on the deep, is from his fellow-creatures. Indeed, when I consider the human race as Nature has formed them, there is but very little of the habitable globe that seems made for them. But when I consider them as accumulating the experience of ages, in commanding the earth, there is nothing so great, or so terrible. What a poor contemptible being is the naked savage, standing on the beach of the ocean, and trembling at its tumults! How little capable is he of converting its terrors into benefits; or of saying, Behold an element made wholly for my enjoyment! He considers it as an angry Deity, and pays it the homage of submission. But it is very different when he has exercised his mental powers; when he has learned to find his own superiority, and to make it subservient to his commands. It is then that his dignity begins to appear, and that the true Deity is justly praised for having been mindful of man; for having given him the earth for his habitation, and the sea for an inheritance.

*Hist. of the Earth, p. 231.*

## M E M O R Y.

### A S O N G.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,  
Still importunate and vain,  
To former joys recurring ever,  
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou,

Thou, like the world, th'opprest oppressing,  
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;  
 And he who wants each other blessing,  
 In thee must ever find a foe.

## DIGNITY OF MAN.

STRENGTH and majesty belong to the man; grace and softness are the peculiar embellishments of the other sex. In both, every part of their form declares their sovereignty over other creatures. Man supports his body erect; his attitude is that of command; and his face, which is turned towards the heavens, displays the dignity of his station. The image of his soul is painted in his visage; and the excellence of his nature penetrates through the material form in which it is inclosed. His majestic port, his sedate and resolute step, announce the nobleness of his rank. He touches the earth only with his extremity, and beholds it as if at a disdainful distance. His arms are not given him, as to other creatures, for pillars of support; nor does he lose, by rendering them callous against the ground, that delicacy of touch which furnishes him with so many of his enjoyments. His hands are made for very different purposes; to second every intention of his will, and to perfect the gifts of nature.

*Hist. of Animals, p. 80.*

LUXURY.

## L U X U R Y.

LUXURY is the child of society alone; the luxurious man stands in need of a thousand different artists to furnish out his happiness: it is more likely, therefore, that he should be a good citizen, who is connected by motives of self-interest with so many, than the abstemious man, who is united to none.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 36.*

## S O L I T U D E.

IT has been said, that he who retires to solitude, is either a beast or an angel. The censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited. The discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 10.*

## L I F E O F M A N.

THE life of man is a journey; a journey that must be travelled, however bad the roads, or the accommodation. If, in the beginning, it is found dangerous, narrow, and difficult, it must either grow better in the end, or we shall by custom learn to bear its inequality.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 125.*

## P U N I S H-



## P U N I S H M E N T.

A KING, who can reign without ever punishing, is happy; but that monarch must certainly be undone, who, through fear, or ill-timed lenity, suffers repeated guilt to escape without notice. When a country becomes quite illicit, punishments then, like the loppings in a garden, only serve to strengthen the stock, and prepare for a new harvest of virtues.

*Hist. of Eng. in Let. &c. v. 1. p. 223.*

## F A U L T S.

THERE are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue.

*Good-natured Man, p. 3.*

## O P I N I O N O F W O M E N.

*With an Account of Catharina Alexowna,  
Empress of Russia.*

THE modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

D

Women,

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and chearfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity, and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dispensed, among the female sex. Those who least deserved to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many, who have been an honour to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present: the *Semiramis* and the *Thalestris* of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character, infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

\* *Catharina Alexowna*, born near *Derpat*, a little city in *Livonia* was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired

\* *This account seems taken from the manuscript memoirs of H. Spelman, Esq.*

tired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While *Catharina* spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion; thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old *Lutheran* minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought, not only with a strong, but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused: for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

*Catharina* was fifteen when her mother died: she now, therefore, left her cottage, and went to live with the *Lutheran* minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and

music, by the masters who attended the rest of his family. Thus she continued to improve, till he died; by which accident she was once more reduced to her pristine poverty. The country of *Livonia* was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore *Catharina*, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to *Marienburg*, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey, on foot. She was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the *Swedes* and *Russians*, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion: but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two *Swedish* soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, *to follow the camp*. They might, probably, have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness



fulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected, in her deliverer, the son of the *Lutheran* minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for *Catharina*. The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes, furnished her with an horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. *Gluck*, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant of *Marienburg*.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received: she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters; and, though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprise she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds, in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to

town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport; and their nuptials were solemnised as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking: the very day on which they were married, the *Russians* laid siege to *Marienburg*. The unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well-earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time, the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. *Marienburg* was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, *Catharina* was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and, though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was chearful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince *Menzikoff*, the *Russian* General: he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and

and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when *Peter the Great* paying the Prince a visit, *Catharina* happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair *Livonian*, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnised in private; the Prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see *Catharina*, from the low, mud-walled cottage, Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is

now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret,—regretted by all.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 269.*

#### THE COUNTRY SCHOOL-MASTER.

BESIDE yon' straggling fence that skirts the way  
 With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,  
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
 The Village Master taught his little school.  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
 I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew:  
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face;  
 Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
 At all his jokes—for many a joke had he;  
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:

Yet



Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault:  
 The village all declar'd how much he knew;  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.  
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill;  
 For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;  
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring  
     found,  
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;  
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.  
 But past is all his fame. The very spot,  
 Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

*Deserted Village, p. 11.*

## DEPENDENCE.

AMONG the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surpris'd there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving; to shew, that by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 142.*

## WISDOM AND VIRTUE.

AVOID such performances where vice assumes the face of virtue; seek wisdom and knowledge

without ever thinking you have found them. A man is wise, while he continues in the pursuit of wisdom; but when he once fancies that he has found the object of his enquiry, he then becomes a fool. Learn to pursue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a step without first examining the ground with his staff.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 80.*

#### MISFORTUNES OF THE GREAT CONTRASTED WITH THOSE OF THE POOR.

THE slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

*Ibid. p. 212.*

#### PRIDE AND RESENTMENT.

THERE are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then shew away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

*Ibid. v. 1. p. 267.*

ROYAL FAVOUR.

A PRUDENT KING may have private friends, but should never retain a public favourite: royal favour should shine with indiscriminate lustre, and the monarch should ever guard against raising those he most loves to the highest preferments. In being thus biassed by his affections, he will probably be induced to reward talents unequal to the burthen of affairs, or impatient of the fatigues of application.

*Hist. of Eng. in Let. &c. v. 1. p. 119.*

VICES OF GREAT KINGS.

THE vices of conquering monarchs and great kings are ever most dangerous, because they most generally produce imitation.

*Ibid. p. 120.*

DISQUIETUDE.

IT is a melancholy consideration, that our comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

*Good-natured Man, p. 8.*

## THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

## A TALE.

IF you are fond of hearing *hair-breadth 'scapes*, my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving without ever being starved.

My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army, influenced my father at the head of his table: he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased, in proportion to the pleasure he gave: he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning, for  
learning,



learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself; and took as much pains to form our morals, as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society: we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the *human face divine* with affection and esteem: he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of *giving away* thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualification of *getting* a farthing.

I cannot avoid imagining, that, thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment; though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world, but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed, was at the very middling figure I made in the university; he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having over-rated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects, than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutors, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull; but at the same time allowed, that I seemed to be *very good-natured*, and had no harm in me.

After I had resided at college seven years, my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends *advised* (for they always advise when they begin to despise us) they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal.

propofal. A priest in England, is not the fame mortified creature with a bonze in China; with us, not he that fafts beft, but eats beft, is reckoned the beft liver : yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and eafe, from no other confideration but that boyifh one of drefs; fo that my friends were now perfectly fatisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the leaft harm in him, and was fo very good-natured.

Poverty naturally begets dependance, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At firft I was furprifed, that the fituation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought difagreeable; there was no great trouble in liftening attentively when his lordfhip fpoke, and laughing when he looked round for applaufe. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too foon, that his lordfhip was a greater dunce than myfelf; and from that very moment my power of flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at fetting him right, than at receiving his abfurdities with fubmiffion. To flatter thofe we do not know, is an eafy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whole foibles are ftrongly in our eye, is drudgery infupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praife, my falfhood went to my confcience: his lordfhip foon perceived me to be unfit for fervice; I was therefore difcharged; my patron at the fame time being  
gra-

graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reasons to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking: she had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintance, and at her aunt among the number; she always observed, that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the observation in my own favour. She continually talked in my company of friendship, and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp my rival's high-heel'd shoes with detestation. These were circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so, after resolving, and re-resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness, which was no more than—that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp with high-heel'd shoes! By way of consolation, however, she observed, that though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility; as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured,



tured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

Yet still I had friends, numerous friends; and to them I was resolved to apply. O Friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hope relief, and may be ever sure of——disappointment! My first application was to a city scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money, when he knew I did not want it. I informed him, that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundreds for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him. And pray, Sir, cried my friend, do you want all this money? Indeed, I never wanted it more, returned I. I am sorry for that, cries the scrivener, with all my heart; for they who want money when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.

From him I flew with indignation to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request. Indeed, Mr. *Dry-bone*, cries my friend, I always thought it would come to this. You know, Sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your

acquaintance always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see—you want two hundred pounds; do you want only two hundred, Sir, exactly? To confess a truth, returned I, I shall want three hundred; but then I have another friend, from whom I can borrow the rest. Why then, replied my friend, if you would take my advice—and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good—I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend; and then one note will serve for all, you know.

Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet, instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds; I was unable to extricate him, except by becoming his bail. When at liberty, he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfaction than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world, simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They spunged up my money whilst it lasted; borrowed my coals, and never paid them; and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good-natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations

tions different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other; this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but, after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good-humour, indulged no rants of spleen at my situation, never called down heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon an halfpenny-worth of radishes; my very companions were taught to believe that I liked fallad better than mutton. I contented myself with thinking, that all my life I should either eat white bread or brown; considered that all that happened was best, laughed when I was not in pain, took the world as it went, and read Tacitus often, for want of more books and company.

How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others, was to aim at independence myself. My immediate care, therefore, was to leave my present habitation, and  
make

make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and œconomy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half a crown to an old acquaintance, at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare; for this alone I deserve to be decreed an ovation.

I now, therefore, pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality, seldom wanted a dinner, and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunk that had money; and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters, and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman, only by observing, that if we take a farthing from a thousand pounds, it will be a thousand pounds no longer. I have been invited to a pawnbroker's table, by pretending to hate gravy; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it or not, instead of answering, I only smile, and look wise. If a charity is proposed, I go about with the hat, but put nothing in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity, I observe, that the world is filled with impostors; and take a certain method of not being deceived,  
by



by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem, even from the indigent, is to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 103.*

EPITAPH UPON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle PARNELL'S name,

May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.  
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,  
 That leads to truth, thro' Pleasure's flow'ry way?  
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;  
 And Heav'n, that lent him Genius, was repaid.  
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,  
 The transitory breath of fame below:  
 More lasting rapture from his Works shall rise,  
 While Converts thank their Poet in the skies.

FLATTERY.

THE most savage countries understand flattery almost as well as the most polite; since, to be sufficiently servile is, perhaps, the whole of the art, and the truest method of pleasing.

*Hist. of Eng. in Let. v. 1. p. 27.*

UNCON-

## UNCONTROULED POWER.

OF all miseries that ever affected kingdoms, an uncontroled power among the great is certainly most afflictive. The tyranny of a single monarch only falls upon the narrow circle round him; the arbitrary will of a number of delegates falls most heavily upon the lower ranks of people, who have no redress.

*Ibid. v. i. p. 79.*

## MODEST DIFFIDENCE.

THERE are attractions in modest diffidence, above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

## EPITAPH ON DAVID GARRICK.

HERE lies DAVID GARRICK; describe me  
 who can,  
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in Man;  
 As an Actor, confest without rival to shine;  
 As a Wit, if not first, in the very first line;  
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,  
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.  
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,  
 And be-plaster'd with *rouge* his own natural red.  
 On

On the Stage he was natural, simple, affecting;  
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.  
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
 He turn'd, and he varied, full ten times a-day:  
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick  
 If they were not his own, by finessing and trick:  
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
 For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle  
 them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,  
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook for fair fame;  
 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.  
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,  
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye *Kenricks* \*, ye *Kellys* †, and *Woodfalls* ‡ so  
 grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got, and  
 you gave!

How did *Grub-street* re-echo the shouts that you  
 rais'd,

While he was be-*Roscius*'d, and you were be-  
 prais'd!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:

Those

\* William Kenrick, *L. L. D.* author of *Falstaff's*  
*Wedding, &c.*

† Hugh Kelly, *Esq.* author of *False Delicacy*,  
*&c.*

‡ Mr. William Woodfall, *Printer of the Morn-*  
*ing Chronicle.*

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,  
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.  
 Old *Shakespeare* receive him, with praise and  
     with love,  
 And *Beaumonts* and *Bens* be his *Kellys* above!

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## F E A R.

FEAR guides more to their duty than gratitude: for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation which he thinks he lies under to the Giver of All, there are ten thousand who are good only from their apprehensions of punishment. Could these last be persuaded, as the Epicureans were, that Heaven had no thunders in store for the villain, they would no longer continue to acknowledge subordination, or thank that Being who gave them existence.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 34.*

## O B L I G A T I O N S.

WERE men taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with chearful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor fullen from disappointment.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 142.*

KNOW-



## KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN we rise in knowledge as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 152.*

## CONVERSATION OF A FINE WOMAN.

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathises with the regularity of the object in view, and, struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 205.*

## S O R R O W.

WE should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself, I shall to-day be uppermost? We should hold the immutable mean that lies between insensibility and anguish; our attempts should be, not to extinguish

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nature,

nature, but to repress it; not to stand unmoved at distress, but endeavour to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 22.*

### R E A D I N G.

IT is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in your reading. If it be interrupted for any considerable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. There are some who study for one day with intense application, and repose themselves for ten days after. But wisdom is a coquette, and must be courted with unabating assiduity.

It was a saying of the ancients, that a man never opens a book without reaping some advantage by it. I say, with them, that every book can serve to make us more expert, except romances; and these are no better than instruments of debauchery; they are dangerous fictions, where love is the ruling passion.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 79.*

### I N D O L E N C E.

INDOLENCE assumes the airs of wisdom, and, while it tosses the cup and ball with infantine folly, desires the world to look on, and calls the stupid pastime philosophy and learning.

*Ibid. p. 106.*

## EDUCATING CHILDREN.

I HAVE ever found it a vain task to try to make a child's learning its amusement; nor do I see what good end it would answer, were it actually attained. The child ought to have its share of play, and it will be benefited thereby; and for every reason, also, it ought to have its share of labour. The mind, by early labour, will be thus accustomed to fatigues and subordination; and whatever be the person's future employment in life, he will be better fitted to endure it: he will be thus enabled to support the drudgeries of office with content, or to fill up the vacancies of life with variety. The child, therefore, should by times be put to its duty; and be taught to know, that the task is to be done, or the punishment to be endured. I do not object against alluring it to duty by reward; but we well know, that the mind will be more strongly stimulated by pain; and both may, upon some occasions, take their turn to operate. In this manner, a child, by playing with its equals abroad, and labouring with them at school, will acquire more health and knowledge than by being bred up under the wing of any speculative system-maker; and will be thus qualified for a life of activity and obedience. It is true, indeed, that, when educated in this manner, the boy may not be so seemingly sensible and forward as one bred up under solitary instruction; and, perhaps, this early forwardness is more engaging

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than

than useful. It is well known, that many of those children who are such prodigies of literature before ten, have not made an adequate progress to twenty. It should seem, that they only began learning many things before their time; and, while others were busied in picking up that knowledge adapted to their age and curiosity, these were forced upon subjects unsuited to their years; and, upon that account alone, appearing extraordinary. The stock of knowledge in both may be equal; but with this difference, that each is yet to learn what the other knows.

*Hist. of Animals. p. 67.*

## FELICITY.

VAIN, very vain, my weary search to find  
 That bliss which only centers in the mind:  
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,  
 To seek a good each government bestows?  
 In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,  
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,  
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!  
 Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,  
 Our own felicity we make or find:  
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

*Traveller, p. 30.*

INSOLENCE



## INSOLENCE OF COURT FAVOURITES.

AS, in a family, the faults and the impertinence of servants are often to be ascribed to their masters; so, in a state, the vices and the insolence of favourites should be justly attributed to the king who employs them.

*Hist. of Eng. in let. &c. v. I. p. 238.*

## FIDELITY OF A DOG.

OF all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a Dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye, for assistance; exerts, for him, all the little service in his power, with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation: no injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor: studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

*Essay 13. p. 109.*

## P L E A S U R E.

ALL our pleasures, though seemingly ever so remote from sense, derive their origin from some one of the senses. The most exquisite demonstration in mathematics, or the most pleasing disquisition in metaphysics, if it does not ultimately tend to increase some sensual satisfaction, is delightful only to fools, or to men who have by long habit contracted a false idea of pleasure; and he who separates sensual and sentimental enjoyments, seeking happiness from mind alone, is in fact as wretched as the naked inhabitant of the forest, who places all happiness in the first, regardless of the latter. There are two extremes in this respect; the savage who swallows down the draught of pleasure without staying to reflect on his happiness, and the sage who passeth the cup while he reflects on the conveniences of drinking.

*Cit. of the World. v. 1. p. 20.*

## W A N T O F P R U D E N C E.

WANT of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.

*Ibid. p. 22.*

## D U T Y of CHILDREN to their PARENTS.

THE duty of children to their parents, a duty which nature implants in every breast, forms the  
strength

strength of that government which has subsisted for time immemorial. Filial obedience is the first and greatest requisite of a state; by this we become good subjects, capable of behaving with just subordination to our superiors, and grateful dependants on heaven; by this we become fonder of marriage, in order to be capable of exacting obedience from others in our turn: by this we become good magistrates; for early submission is the truest lesson to those who would learn to rule. By this the whole state may be said to resemble one family, of which the Emperor is the protector, father, and friend.

*Cit. of the World, v. I. p. 176.*

#### POPULAR GLORY CONTRASTED WITH TRUE GLORY.

POPULAR GLORY is a perfect coquette; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When *Swift* used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord-Mayor!"

*Essay 8. p. 73.*

## L O V E.

LOVE, when founded in the heart, will shew itself in a thousand unpremeditated fallies of fondness; but every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

*Choang* was the fondest husband, and *Hansi* the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of *Korea*: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss: the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity; wherever *Choang* came, *Hansi* was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of *Hansi*, *Choang* was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, shewing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing; their mouths were for ever joined; and to speak in the language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which, in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his, was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning,  
(being



(being cloathed all over in white) fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan, which she held in her hand. *Choang*, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of *Lao*, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and, coming up, civilly demanded the reason. "Alas!" replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears, "how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave? He was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath he bid me never marry again till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying."

*Choang*, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home; adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to *Hansi* in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe *Hanfi*'s resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and *Hanfi* declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for *Choang* was not disposed to resist, and *Hanfi* would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of *Choang*'s, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. *Choang* and *Hanfi* exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity; when, lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. *Choang* fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. *Hanfi* was at first inconsolable for his death: after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she

she was able to comfort the young disciple; and, on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of *Choang* was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended until the time prescribed by law for his interment. In the mean time, *Hansi*, and the young disciple, were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathised with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon-day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment, with impatience; when his servant approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead, could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her clothes, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin, where *Choang* lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when

when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, *Hanfi* dropped the mattock, and *Choang* walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendor. He was not long in suspense, before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of *Hanfi* herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

*Choang*, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he the same night married the widow with the large fan.

As they both were apprised of the foibles of each other before-hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquility, and not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 63.*



P O V E R T Y.

—————WHERE shall Poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 'Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.  
 If to some city sped—what waits him there?  
 To see profusion that he must not share;  
 To see ten thousand baleful arts combin'd  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;  
 To see those joys the sons of Pleasure know,  
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;  
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps  
     display,  
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight  
     reign,  
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
 Sure these denote one universal joy!  
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine  
     eyes  
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;  
Her

86 THE BEAUTIES OF GOLDSMITH.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;  
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the  
    show'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

*Deserted Village, p. 17.*

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J U S T I C E.

JUSTICE may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

*Essay 6, p. 47.*

## DISINTERESTED ACTION.

A DISINTERESTED action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to chearfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

*Essay 6, p. 47.*

## TRUE GENEROSITY.

TRUE generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

*Ibid. p. 48.*

## L I T E R A T U R E.

WHATEVER be the motives which induce men to write, whether avarice, or fame, the country becomes most wise and happy, in which they  
most

most serve for instructors. The countries where sacerdotal instruction alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, superstition, and hopeless slavery. In England, where there are as many new books published as in all the rest of Europe together, a spirit of freedom and reason reigns among the people; they have been often known to act like fools, but they are generally found to think like men.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 47.*

#### DEATH OF A PHILOSOPHER.

LET others bestrew the hearstes of the great with panegyric. When a philosopher dies, I consider myself as losing a patron, an instructor, and a friend; I consider the world as losing one who might serve to console her amidst the desolations of war and ambition. Nature every day produces in abundance men capable of filling all the requisite duties of authority; but she is niggard in the birth of an exalted mind, scarcely producing in a century a single genius to bless and enlighten a degenerate age. Prodigious in the production of kings, governors, mandarines, chams, and courtiers, she seems to have forgotten, for more than three thousand years, the manner in which she once formed the brain of a Confucius; and well it is she has forgotten, when a bad world gave him so very bad a reception.

*Ibid. v. 1. p. 181.*

TENDER-



TENDERNESS.

TENDERNESS, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 212.*

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of Friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connexion, and, by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel-writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendships, which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens, as it proceeds: and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature  
for

for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependence gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connexions more nearly equal; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burthen; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

*Plautinus* was a man who thought that every good was bought from riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependents was *Musidorus*, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior,

perior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and *Plautinus* had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for *Musidorus* claimed an exchange of hearts, which *Plautinus*, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man, was soon construed into ingratitude; and such, indeed, in the common acceptance of the world it was. Wherever *Musidorus* appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and had still the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. *Plautinus*, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor; and it was then that *Musidorus* first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity :—‘ Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of *Vespasian*, had made many campaigns together; and a participation of dangers, at length, bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion under the famous *John*, who headed a particular party of the Jewish male-contents.

‘ From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each other’s lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the *Jews*, to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the *Romans*, it became victorious, and drove *John*, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The *Roman* soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation



situation of things, that the now-successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed, and, casting himself from the top of the tower, into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.'

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### THE COUNTRY ALE-HOUSE.

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,  
 Where grey-beard Mirth and smiling Toil retir'd;  
 Where Village-Statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
 And news much older than their ale went round.  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlour-splendors of that festive place;  
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,  
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;  
 The

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day ;  
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
The Twelve Good Rules,—the Royal Game of  
Goose ;

The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the day,  
With Aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! Could not all  
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart!  
 Thither, no more, the peasant shall repair,  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear,  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful, to see the mantling blifs go round;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

*Deserted Village*, p. 12.

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

IN a fair, rich, flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German ocean, lived *Sabinus*, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever

wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with *Olinda*.

He was, indeed, superior to her in fortune; but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and, in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension! *Ariana*, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly alied to *Sabinus*, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with *Olinda*. By incautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion: she forgot those many virtues, for which she had been so long, and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion, and mistaken resentment, betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent; she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain: she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was,—the chearful, the prudent, the compassionate *Ariana*!

She

She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions; the circumstances of *Sabinus* had been long embarrassed by a tedious law-suit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence.

From the nearness of relationship, *Sabinus* expected from *Ariana* those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties, and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from *Olinda*, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. *Sabinus* was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price: *Ariana* was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress.

Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height, that *Sabinus* was marked for destruction; and the very next day,  
upon



upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to jail, with none but *Olinda* to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation, and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read for her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, *Sabinus* and *Olinda* were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever *Sabinus* shewed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself: that so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship: that nothing could make her miserable, but his seeming to want happiness; nothing pleased but his sympathising with her pleasure.

A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur: they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that

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*Ariana*

*Ariana* was dead; and that her will, in favour of a very distant relation, and who was now in another country, might be easily procured, and burnt; in which case, all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow: for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by *Ariana* to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted.

This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of *Sabinus* were ineffectual: She had, therefore, begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long, and so unprovoked, injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue; she therefore re-assumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in

pro-

providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment *Sabinus* enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with *Olinda*, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of *Ariana*, who, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate; and in her last moments confessed, that Virtue was the only path to true glory; and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will in time lead it to a certain victory.

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### INNOCENCE AND SIMPLICITY.

MAN was born to live with innocence and simplicity, but he has deviated from Nature; he was born to share the bounties of heaven, but he has monopolized them; he was born to govern the brute creation, but he is become their tyrant. If an epicure now should happen to surfeit on his last night's feast, twenty animals, the next day, are to undergo the most exquisite tortures, in order to provoke his appetite to another guilty meal. Hail, O ye simple, honest Bramins of the East! ye inoffensive friends of all that were born to happiness as well as you! You never sought a short-lived pleasure from the miseries of other creatures. You never studied the tormenting arts of ingenious refinement; you never surfeited upon a guilty meal.

How much more purified and refined are all your sensations than ours! You distinguish every element with the utmost precision; a stream untasted before is new luxury; a change of air is a new banquet, too refined for western imaginations to conceive.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 52.*

### A D U L A T I O N.

THE man who is constantly served up with adulation, must be a first rate philosopher, if he can listen without contracting new affectations. The opinion we form of ourselves, is generally measured by what we hear from others; and when they conspire to deceive, we too readily concur in the delusion. Among the number of much-applauded men in the circle of our own friends, we can recollect but few that have heads quite strong enough to bear a loud acclamation of public praise in their favour; among the whole list, we shall scarce find one that has not thus been made, on some side of his character a coxcomb.

*Life of Nash, p. 149.*



## THE SWISS PEASANT.

MY soul, turn from them\*; turn we to survey  
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,  
 Where the bleak *Swiss* their stormy mansions tread,  
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.  
 No product here the barren hills afford,  
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.  
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
 But Winter ling'ring chills the lap of *May*;  
 No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.  
 Yet still, ev'n here, Content can spread a charm,  
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though  
     small,

He sees his little lot, the lot of all;  
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;  
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
 To make him loath his vegetable meal;  
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;  
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
 Or drives his vent'rous plow-share to the steep;  
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
 And drags the struggling savage into day.

F 3

At

\* *From the Italians.*

At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,  
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;  
 Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys  
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;  
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board:  
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,  
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;  
 And ev'n those ills, that round his mansion rise,  
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

*Traveller, p. 17.*

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### A G E.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which in the vigour of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts

forts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

*Essay 14.*

### HOPE, THE LAMP OF LIFE.

IF I should judge of that part of life, which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

*Essay 14.*

### LOVE OF LIFE.

WHENCE this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared |

death no more than when in the vigour of manhood: the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 37.*

### ATTACHMENT.

OUR attachment to every object around us, increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not chuse, says a *French* philosopher, to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

CHINVANG the chaste, ascending the throne of *China*, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should



should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of *China*, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets, to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O *Chinwang*, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all

serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise; yet still we love it: destitute of every agreement, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

*Essay 14.*

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## D R E S S.

DRESS has a mechanical influence upon the mind, and we naturally are awed into respect and esteem at the elegance of those whom even our reason would teach us to contemn.

*Life of Nash, p. 11.*

## E F F R O N T E R Y.

How many little things do we see, without merit, or without friends, push themselves forward into public notice, and, by self-advertising, attract the attention of the day! The wise despise them; but the public are not all wise. Thus they succeed,

ceed, rise upon the wing of folly, or of fashion, and by their success give a new sanction to effrontery.

*Life of Nash, p. 14.*

### SYMPATHETIC SINCERITY.

The low and timid are ever suspicious; but a heart impressed with honourable sentiments, expects from others sympathetic sincerity.

*Life of Nash, p. 72.*

### F A V O U R.

THERE are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more; who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits an indirect petition for new. Such, I grant, can suffer no debasement from dependence, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be. Dependence degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner, therefore, long-continued generosity is misplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so; and true it is, that the person who is contented to be *often* obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 143.*

BENE-

## BENEFACTION AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

BENEFACTION and acknowledgment are often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver; a man can gain but little knowledge of himself, or of the world, amidst a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him; their unceasing humiliations must necessarily increase his comparative magnitude, for all men measure their own abilities by those of their company: thus being taught to over-rate his merit, he in reality lessens it; increasing in confidence, but not in power, his professions end in empty boast, his undertakings in shameful disappointment.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 144.*

## ACCIDENTAL MEETINGS.

ACCIDENTAL meetings, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite, before we can be cloathed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 2. p. 121.*

TIDINGS.



T I D I N G S.

THE distant sounds of music, that catch new sweetness as they vibrate through the long-drawn valley, are not more pleasing to the ear, than the tidings of a far-distant friend.

*Cit. of the World. v. 1. p. 242.*

G E N E R O S I T Y.

FEW virtues have been more praised by moralists, than generosity; every practical treatise of ethics tends to increase our sensibility of the distresses of others, and to relax the grasp of frugality. Philosophers that are poor, praise it because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent *Seneca* himself has written a treatise on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 141.*

P L E A S I N G   E X P E C T A T I O N.

IT has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 1. p. 193.*

JUDG-

## JUDGMENT OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE *English* are a people of good sense; and I am the more surprised to find them swayed, in their opinions, by men who often, from their very education, are incompetent judges. Men who, being always bred in affluence, see the world only on one side, are surely improper judges of human nature: they may, indeed, describe a ceremony, a pageant, or a ball; but how can they pretend to dive into the secrets of the human heart, who have been nursed up only in forms, and daily behold nothing but the same insipid adulation smiling upon every face? Few of them have been bred in that best of schools, the school of adversity; and, by what I can learn, fewer still have been bred in any school at all.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 247.*

## LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THERE are no pleasures, sensual or sentimental, which this city \* does not produce; yet, I know not how, I could not be content to reside here for life. There is something so seducing in that spot in which we first had existence, that nothing but it can please: whatever vicissitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or wheresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquility; we long to die in that spot which  
gave

\* *London.*

gave us birth, and in that pleasing expectation opiate every calamity.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 153.*

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DR. PRIMROSE'S ADDRESS TO HIS  
FELLOW-PRISONERS.

*The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with regard to the Happy and the Miserable here below. That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the Wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.*

MY friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for; but we daily see thousands, who, by suicide, shew us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest; but yet we may be completely miserable!

Why man should thus feel pain; why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity; why, when all other systems are made perfect only by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require  
for

for its perfection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves!—These are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject, Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of Philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of Religion. The consolations of Philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us, that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery; and, if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here; while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To Religion, then, we must hold, in every circumstance of life, for our truest comfort; for, if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to  
think



think that we can make that happiness unending; and, if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, Religion holds out a continuance of bliss; to the wretched, a change from pain.

But, though Religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar reward to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The Author of our Religion every where professes himself the wretch's friend; and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as a partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it; but they never reflect, that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it but increases what they already possess. To the latter it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than the rich; for, as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows  
lays

lays himself quietly down ; he has no possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure : he feels only Nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before ; for, after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

Thus Providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life, greater felicity in dying, and, in Heaven, all the superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable ; for, though he was already in Heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted ; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

Thus, my friends, you see Religion does what Philosophy could never do : it shews the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it ; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the end-  
less

less satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet, being an eternal one, it must make up, by duration, what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

These are, therefore, the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living are not poor, and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can soothe the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease the throbbings of a woe-worn heart. Let the Philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain! Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

To us, then, my friends, the promises of happiness in Heaven should be peculiarly dear; for if  
our

our reward be in this life alone, we are then, indeed, of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us; this light that only serves to shew the horrors of the place, those shackles that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans, O my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air; to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss; to carol over endless hymns of praise; to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes; when I think of these things, Death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them; and, what is a comfort, we are shut up from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours, and, what is still a comfort, shortly too; for, if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span; and, whatever we may think of the rest of  
 life,



life, it will yet be found of less duration: as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with Time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burthen laid by heaven upon us; and though Death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and, like his horizon, still flies before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 2. p. 97.*

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## PARTY.

PARTY entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the Reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such Readers

ers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of Poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

*Dedication to the Traveller, p. 7.*

## R E T I R E M E N T.

O Blest Retirement! friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care that never must be mine;  
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,  
A youth of labour with an age of ease;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;  
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,  
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;  
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way;  
And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,  
His Heaven commences ere the World be past!

*Deserted Village, p. 6.*

R I D I-

## R I D I C U L E.

RIDICULE has ever been the most powerful enemy of enthusiasm, and properly the only antagonist that can be opposed to it with success. Persecution only serves to propagate new religions; they acquire fresh vigour beneath the executioner and the axe, and, like some vivacious insects, multiply by dissection. It is also impossible to combat enthusiasm with reason; for, though it makes a shew of resistance, it soon eludes the pressure, refers you to distinctions not to be understood, and feelings which it cannot explain. A man who would endeavour to fix an enthusiast by argument, might as well attempt to spread quick-silver with his fingers. The only way to conquer a visionary is to despise him; the stake, the faggot, and the disputing Doctor, in some measure ennoble the opinions they are brought to oppose; they are harmless against innovating pride; contempt alone is truly dreadful. Hunters generally know the most vulnerable part of the beasts they pursue, by the care which every animal takes to defend the side which is weakest: on what side the enthusiast is most vulnerable, may be known by the care which he takes in the beginning to work his disciples into gravity, and guard them against the power of ridicule.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 185.*

## I N T E G R I T Y.

BOTH wit and understanding are trifles, without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without an heart?

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 1. p. 158.*

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## S T O R Y O F C O L O N E L M——.

AT the conclusion of the treaty of peace at *Utrecht*, Col. M—— was one of the thoughtless, agreeable, gay creatures, that drew the attention of the company at *Bath*. He danced and talked with great vivacity; and when he gamed among the ladies, he shewed, that his attention was employed rather upon their hearts than their fortunes. His own fortune, however, was a trifle, when compared to the elegance of his expence; and his imprudence at last was so great, that it obliged him to sell an annuity, arising from his commission, to keep up his splendor a little longer.

However thoughtless he might be, he had the happiness of gaining the affections of Miss L——, whose father designed her a very large fortune. This lady was courted by a nobleman of distinction; but she refused his addresses, resolved upon gratifying rather her inclinations than her avarice.

The



The intrigue went on successfully between her and the Colonel, and they both would certainly have been married, and been undone, had not Mr. *Nash* apprised her father of their intentions. The old gentleman recalled his daughter from *Bath*, and offered Mr. *Nash* a very considerable present for the care he had taken, which he refused.

In the mean time, Col. *M*—— had an intimation how his intrigue came to be discovered; and by taxing Mr. *Nash*, found that his suspicions were not without foundation. A challenge was the immediate consequence; which the King of *Bath*, conscious of having only done his duty, thought proper to decline. As none are permitted to wear swords at *Bath*, the Colonel found no opportunity of gratifying his resentment, and waited with impatience to find Mr. *Nash* in town, to require proper satisfaction.

During this interval, however, he found his creditors became too importunate for him to remain longer at *Bath*; and his finances and credit being quite exhausted, he took the desperate resolution of going over to the *Dutch* army in *Flanders*, where he enlisted himself a volunteer. Here he underwent all the fatigues of a private sentinel, with the additional misery of receiving no pay; and his friends in *England* gave out, that he was shot at the battle of —.

In the mean time, the nobleman pressed his passion with ardour; but, during the progress of his amour, the young lady's father died, and left her heiress to a fortune of fifteen hundred a year. She thought herself now disengaged from her former passion. An absence of two years had in some measure abated her love for the Colonel; and the assiduity, the merit, and real regard of the gentleman, who still continued to solicit her, were almost too powerful for her constancy. Mr. Nash, in the mean time, took every opportunity of enquiring after Col. M——, and found that he had for some time been returned to *England*, but changed his name, in order to avoid the fury of his creditors; and that he was entered into a company of strolling players, who were at that time exhibiting at *Peterborough*.

He now therefore thought he owed the Colonel, in justice, an opportunity of promoting his fortune, as he had once deprived him of an occasion of satisfying his love. Our Beau, therefore, invited the lady to be of a party to *Peterborough*, and offered his own equipage, which was then one of the most elegant in *England*, to conduct her there. The proposal being accepted, the lady, the nobleman, and Mr. Nash, arrived in town just as the players were going to begin.

Col. M——, who used every means of remaining *incognito*, and who was too proud to make his distresses

distresses known to any of his former acquaintance, was now degraded into the character of *Tom* in the *Conscious Lovers*. Miss *L*—— was placed in the foremost row of the spectators, her lord on one side, and the impatient *Nasb* on the other, when the unhappy youth appeared in that despicable situation upon the stage. The moment he came on, his former mistress struck his view; but his amazement was increased, when he saw her fainting away in the arms of those who sat behind her. He was incapable of proceeding; and, scarce knowing what he did, he flew and caught her in his arms.

“Colonel,” cried *Nasb*, when they were in some measure recovered, “you once thought me your enemy, because I endeavoured to prevent you both from ruining each other; you were then wrong, and you have long had my forgiveness. If you love well enough now for matrimony, you fairly have my consent; and d—n him, say I, that attempts to part you.” Their nuptials were solemnised soon after; and affluence added a zest to all their future enjoyments. Mr. *Nasb* had the thanks of each; and he afterwards spent several agreeable days in that society which he had contributed to render happy.

*Life of Nasb, p. 79.*

## REVOLUTIONS OF LIFE.

THE world is like a vast sea, mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder; without this last the vessel is tost by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and œconomy; vigilance and œconomy, of riches and honour; riches and honour, of pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of impurity and idleness; and impurity and idleness again produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 80.*

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MISERIES OF GENIUS IN VARIOUS AGES,  
AND HER HAPPINESS IN THIS.

THE character of a poet is in every country the same; fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future; his conversation that of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool! Of fortitude able to stand unmoved at the bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected by the breaking of a tea-cup. Such is his character; which considered in every light, is the very opposite of that which leads to riches.

The



The poets of the West are as remarkable for their indigence as their genius; and yet, among the numerous hospitals designed to relieve the poor, I have heard of but one erected for the benefit of decayed authors. This was founded by Pope *Urban VIII.* and called the retreat of the incurables; intimating, that it was equally impossible to reclaim the patients, who sued for reception, from poverty, or from poetry. To be sincere; were I to send you an account of the lives of the Western poets, either ancient or modern, I fancy you would think me employed in collecting materials for an history of human wretchedness.

*Homer* is the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients: he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets: but it is observed, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses than with bread. *Plautus*, the comic poet, was better off; he had two trades—he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill in order to gain a livelihood. *Terence* was a slave, and *Boëthius* died in a jail.

Among the *Italians*, *Paulo Borgheſe*, almost as good a poet as *Taſſo*, knew fourteen different trades, and yet died because he could get employment in none. *Taſſo* himself, who had the most amiable character of all poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from some friend, in order to pay for a month's subsistence. He has left us a pretty

sonnet, addressed to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to afford himself a candle. But *Bentivoglio*,—poor *Bentivoglio*! chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the *Italian* language. He dissipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but, falling into misery in his old age, was refused to be admitted into an hospital which he himself had erected.

In *Spain*, it is said, the great *Cervantes* died of hunger; and it is certain that the famous *Camoens* ended his days in an hospital.

If we turn to *France*, we shall there find even stronger instances of the ingratitude of the public. *Vaugelas*, one of the politest writers, and one of the honestest men, of his time, was surnamed *the Owl*, from his being obliged to keep within all day, and venture out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His last will is very remarkable: after having bequeathed all his worldly substance to the discharging of his debts, he goes on thus: But as there still may remain some creditors unpaid, even after all that I have shall be disposed of, in such a case, it is my last will, that my body should be sold to the surgeons, to the best advantage, and that the purchase should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society; so that, if I could not while living, at least when dead, I may be useful.

*Cassander*

*Cassander* was one of the greatest geniuses of his time; yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being by degrees driven into an hatred of all mankind, from the little pity he found amongst them, he even ventured at last ungratefully to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies, when the priest intreated him to rely on the justice of heaven, and ask mercy from him that made him; *If God*, replies he, *has shewn me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter?* But being answered, that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality; let me intreat you, continued his confessor, by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your father, your maker, and friend. *No*, replied the exasperated wretch, *you know the manner in which he left me to live; (and pointing to the straw on which he was stretched) and you see the manner in which he leaves me to die!*

But the sufferings of the poet in other countries are nothing when compared to his distresses here: the names of *Spenser* and *Otway*, *Butler* and *Dryden*, are every day mentioned as a national reproach; some of them lived in a state of precarious indigence, and others literally died of hunger.

At present, the few poets in *England* no longer depend on the Great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public; and the public, collectively considered, is a good and a

generous master. It is, indeed, too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour; but, to make amends, it is never mistaken long. A performance, indeed, may be forced for a time into reputation; but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks: time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud; and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success, till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

A man of letters, at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret, might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit, now, may easily be rich, if his heart be set only on fortune: and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscurity. He may now refuse an invitation to dinner, without fearing to incur his patron's displeasure, or to starve by remaining at home. He may now venture to appear in company with just such clothes as other men generally wear, and talk, even to princes, with all the conscious superiority of wisdom. Though he cannot boast of fortune here, yet he can bravely assert the dignity of independence.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 81.*

DISSEM-



DISSEMBLING.

KNOWLEDGE, wisdom, erudition, arts, and elegance, what are they, but the mere trappings of the mind, if they do not serve to increase the happiness of the possessor? A mind rightly instructed in the school of philosophy, acquires at once the stability of the oak, and the flexibility of the osier. The truest manner of lessening our agonies, is to sink from their pressure, and to confess that we feel them.

The fortitude of sages is but a dream; for where lies the merit in being insensible to the strokes of fortune, or in dissembling our sensibility? If we are insensible, that arises only from an happy constitution; that is a blessing previously granted by heaven, and which no art can procure, no institutions improve. If we dissemble our feelings, we only artificially endeavour to persuade others that we enjoy privileges which we actually do not possess. Thus, while we endeavour to appear happy, we feel at once all the pangs of internal misery, and all the self-reproaching consciousness of endeavouring to deceive.

*Cit. of the World*, v. 1. p. 202..

THE PASSIONS.

PHILOSOPHERS have long declaimed against the passions, as being the source of all our miseries.

miserics. They are the source of all our misfortunes, I own; but they are the source of our pleasures too: and every endeavour of our lives, and all the institutions of philosophy, should tend to this, not to dissemble an absence of passion, but to repel those which lead to vice by those which direct to virtue.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 203.*

### THE SOUL.

THE soul may be compared to a field of battle, where two armies are ready every moment to encounter; not a single vice but has a more powerful opponent, and not one virtue but may be overborne by a combination of vices. Reason guides the bands of either host, nor can it subdue one passion but by the assistance of another. Thus, as a bark, on every side beset with storms, enjoys a state of rest; so does the mind, when influenced by a just equipoise of the passions, enjoy tranquillity.

*Ibid.*

### L O V E.

WHETHER love be natural or no, it contributes to the happiness of every society into which it is introduced. All our pleasures are short, and can only charm at intervals; love is a method of protracting our greatest pleasure; and surely that gamester, who plays the greatest stake to the best advantage, will, at the end of life, rise victorious.

This

This was the opinion of *Vanini*, who affirmed that *every hour was lost which was not spent in love*. His accusers were unable to comprehend his meaning; and the poor advocate for love was burned in flames, alas! no way metaphorical. But whatever advantages the individual may reap from this passion, society will certainly be refined and improved by its introduction: all laws calculated to discourage it, tend to embrate the species, and weaken the state. Though it cannot plant morals in the human breast, it cultivates them when there: pity, generosity, and honour, receive a brighter polish from its assistance; and a single amour is sufficient entirely to brush off the clown.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 207.*

The same efforts that are used in some places to suppress pity and other natural passions, may have been employed to extinguish love. No nation, however unpolished, is remarkable for innocence, that is not famous for that passion: it has flourished in the coldest, as well as the warmest regions. Even in the sultry wilds of *Southern America*, the lover is not satisfied with possessing his mistress's person without having her mind.

*In all my Enna's beauties blest,  
Amidst profusion still I pine;  
For tho' she gives me up her breast,  
Its panting tenant is not mine\*.*

But

\* *Translation of a South-American Ode.*

But the effects of love are too violent to be the result of an artificial passion; nor is it in the power of fashion to force the constitution into those changes which we every day observe. Several have died of it. Few lovers are unacquainted with the fate of the two *Italian* lovers, *Da Corfin* and *Julia Bellamano*, who, after a long separation, expired with pleasure in each other's arms. Such instances are too strong confirmations of the reality of the passion, and serve to shew that suppressing it is but opposing the natural dictates of the heart.

*Cit. of the World. v. 2. p. 209.*

### E R R O R.

FOR the first time, the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other, the offspring of Guilt.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 1. p. 192.*

### V I R T U E.

IN a polished society, that man, though in rags, who has the power of enforcing virtue from the press, is of more real use than forty stupid brachmans or bonzes, or guebres, though they preached ever so often, ever so loud, or ever so long. That man, though in rags, who is capable of deceiving even indolence into wisdom, and who professes amusement while he aims at reformation, is more useful in refined society than twenty cardinals,



nals with all their scarlet, and tricked out in all the fopperies of scholastic finery.

*Ibid. v. i. p. 249.*

## OSTENTATION.

INSTEAD of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured, misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumberous heap of finery; for our pleasure the lacquied train, the slow parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review; a single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty, may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of *Confucius*, *That we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than in endeavouring to think so ourselves.*

*Ibid. v. i. p. 281.*

## PLEASURE.

THE enthusiasm of pleasure charms only by intervals. The highest rapture lasts only for a moment, and all the senses seem so combined, as to be soon tired into languor by the gratification of any one of them. It is only among the Poets  
we

we hear of men changing to one delight, when satiated with another. In nature, it is very different; the glutton, when sated with the full meal, is unqualified to feel the real pleasure of drinking; the drunkard, in turn, finds few of those transports which lovers boast in enjoyment; and the lover, when cloyed, finds a diminution of every other appetite. Thus, after a full indulgence of any one sense, the man of pleasure finds a languor in all, is placed in a chasm between past and expected enjoyment, perceives an interval which must be filled up. The present can give no satisfaction, because he has already robbed it of every charm. A mind thus left without immediate employment, naturally recurs to the past or the future: the reflector finds that he was happy, and knows that he cannot be so now; he sees that he may yet be happy, and wishes the hour was come: thus every period of his continuance is miserable, except that very short one of immediate gratification. Instead of a life of dissipation, none has more frequent conversations with disagreeable *self* than he: his enthusiasms are but few and transient; his appetites, like angry creditors, continually making fruitless demands for what he is unable to pay; and the greater his former pleasure, the more strong his regret, the more impatient his expectations. A life of pleasure is, therefore, the most unpleasing life in the world.

Habit

Habit has rendered the man of business more cool in his desires; he finds less regret for past pleasures, and less solicitude for those to come. The life he now leads, though tainted in some measure with hope, is yet not afflicted so strongly with regret, and is less divided between short-lived rapture and lasting anguish. The pleasures he has enjoyed are not so vivid, and those he has to expect cannot consequently create so much anxiety.

The philosopher, who extends his regard to all mankind, must have still a smaller concern for what has already affected, or may hereafter affect himself; the concerns of others make his whole study, and that study is his pleasure; and this pleasure is permanent in its nature, because it can be changed at will, leaving but few of those anxious intervals which are employed in remembrance or anticipation. The philosopher, by these means, leads a life of almost continued dissipation; and reflection, which makes the uneasiness and misery of others, serves as a companion and instructor to him.

In a word, positive happiness is constitutional, and incapable of increase; misery is artificial, and generally proceeds from our folly. Philosophy can add to our happiness in no other manner, but by diminishing our misery: it should not pretend to increase our present stock, but make us œconomists

nomists of what we are possessed of. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation: he, therefore, is most wise, who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or the future. This is impossible to the man of pleasure; it is difficult to the man of business; and is, in some measure, attainable by the philosopher. Happy were we all born philosophers, all born with a talent of thus dissipating our own cares, by spreading them upon all mankind!

*Ibid. v. 1. p. 188.*

## S T U D Y.

HE who has begun his fortune by study, will certainly confirm it by perseverance. The love of books damps the passion for pleasure, and, when this passion is once extinguished, life is then cheaply supported: thus a man, being possessed of more than he wants, can never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those meannesses which indigence sometimes unavoidably produces.

*Ibid. v. 2. p. 71.*

## PLEASURES OF STUDY.

THERE is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student. The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one. We ought to lay hold of every  
incident



incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives lustre to another; a common coarse stone is also employed for that purpose. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the insults and contempt I meet with from a worthless fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to self-examination, and correct every blemish that may have given rise to his calumny.

*Ibid.* v. 2. p. 77.

## EARLY DISTASTE TO STUDY NOT TO BE CONQUERED.

WITH all the pleasures and profits which are generally produced by learning, parents often find it difficult to induce their children to study. They often seem dragged to what wears the appearance of application. Thus, being dilatory in the beginning, all future hopes of eminence are entirely cut off. If they find themselves obliged to write two lines more polite than ordinary, their pen then seems as heavy as a mill-stone, and they spend ten years in turning two or three periods with propriety.

These persons are most at a loss when a banquet is almost over; the plate and the dice go round, that the number of little verses which each is obliged to repeat, may be determined by chance. The booby, when it comes to his turn, appears  
quite

quite stupid and insensible. The company divert themselves with his confusion ; and sneers, winks, and whispers, are circulated at his expence. As for him, he opens a pair of large heavy eyes, stares at all about him, and even offers to join in the laugh, without ever considering himself as the burthen of all their good-humour.

*Ibid.* p. 78.

### G R A C E.

IF you would find the Goddess of Grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand. Ever changing under the eye of inspection, her variety, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole. She is now Contemplation with solemn look, again Compassion with humid eye ; she now sparkles with joy, soon every feature speaks distress : her looks at times invite our approach, at others repress our presumption ; the goddess cannot be properly called beautiful under any one of these forms, but by combining them all, she becomes irresistibly pleasing.

*Ibid.* p. 53.

### P E N I T E N C E.

THE kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased

pleased to view a repentant sinner, than many persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for the single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue, than an hundred acts of justice.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 2 p. 43.*

### EARNEST EMPLOYMENT.

EARNEST employment, if it cannot cure, at least will palliate every anxiety.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 111.*

### THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

IT is usually said by grammarians, that the use of language is to express our wants and desires; but men who know the world, hold, and I think with some shew of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private, is the most likely person to have them redressed; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, there appears something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller: and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous

mous mass of the rich, as the miser, who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of morality. *Seneca* himself allows, that in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine; and must know, that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. *Ovid* finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater is that weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but, should his wants be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum. A certain young fellow, whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same



same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of cloaths, always made the proposal in a laced coat; for he found by experience, that, if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his taylor had taken an oath against trusting; or, what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and should not be at home for some time.

There can be no inducements to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and, by this means, relief; but, before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship to excite compassion. Pity and Friendship are passions incompatible with each other; and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; Pity is composed of sorrow and contempt; the mind may, for some time, fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

In fact, Pity, though it may often relieve, is but, at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than a transitory assistance: with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others, it may continue for twice that space; and on some, of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate

rate for half an hour together: but still, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give five farthings, from others, we give pounds. Whatever be our feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the same distress solicits a second, we then feel with diminished sensibility; and, like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker; till, at last, our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good-natured fellow, who is now no more. He was bred in a compting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him an handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife; and, therefore, modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking; and he at  
last

last considered, that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a\* scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the use of a hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money. "And pray, Sir," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?" "Want it, Sir?" says the other, "If I did not want it, I should not have asked it." "I am sorry for that," says the friend; "or those who want money when they borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, Sir, money is money now; and, I believe, it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; he that has got a little, is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, who he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see—you want an hundred guineas—and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?" "If you have but fifty to spare, Sir, I must be  
"con-

\* *A few lines here are borrowed, with a slight alteration, from the Man of the World, p. 60, of this vol.*

“contented. “Fifty to spare! I do not say  
 “that; for, I believe, I have but twenty about  
 “me.” “Then I must borrow the other thirty  
 “from some other friend.” “And pray,” re-  
 plied the friend, “would it not be the best way  
 “to borrow the whole money from that other  
 “friend, and then one note will serve for all, you  
 “know?—You know, my dear Sir, that you need  
 “make no ceremony with me at any time; you  
 “know I’m your friend; and, when you chuse  
 “a bit of dinner, or so——You, Tom! see the  
 “gentleman down. You won’t forget to dine  
 “with us now and then. Your very humble ser-  
 vant.”

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treat-  
 ment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance  
 from love, which he could not have from friend-  
 ship. A young lady, a distant relation by the  
 mother’s side, had a fortune in her own hands;  
 and, as she had already made all the advances that  
 her sex’s modesty would permit, he made his pro-  
 posal with confidence. He soon, however, per-  
 ceived, That no bankrupt ever found the fair-one  
 kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with  
 another, who had more money, and the whole  
 neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every day now began to strip my poor friend of  
 his former finery; his clothes flew, piece by piece,  
 to the pawnbroker’s, and he seemed, at length,  
 equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But.  
 still



still he thought himself secure from actual necessity; the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered: he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner, because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week, without being openly affronted. The last place I saw him in, was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time of dinner; for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask table-cloth; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was over-done: but all this procured him no invitation. Finding, therefore, the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a second walk in the Park.

You, then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace; whether in *Kent-street* or the *Mall*; whether at the *Smyrna* or *St. Giles's*; might I be permitted to advise as a friend, never seem to want the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress: you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice; but from compassion

H

never.

never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth, which is opened even by wisdom, is seldom expected to close without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of Poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast: you may observe that Dr. *Cheyne* has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at *Paris*; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of fitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor *Sampson Gideon* were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that *Plato* or *Seneca* are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering; since what now is so much his pride, was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise: pride in the great is hateful; in the wise,  
it

it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

*Essay 5. p. 36.*

## THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

NO observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities, while Tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure, without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an *Ovid*, a *Cicero*, or a *Rabutin*, complain of their misfortunes and hardships; whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They eat, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections, from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow,  
whom



whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation; wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history, as follows :

“ AS for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank heaven, that I have to complain; there is *Bill Tibbs*, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot, but thank heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

“ I was born in *Shropshire*; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my

heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I eat and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

“ In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it. Well, what will you have on’t? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees,  
begged

begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at the sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to *London* to *Newgate*, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

“ People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found *Newgate* as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came a-shore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

“ When my time was expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see *Old England* again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into

the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs, when I could get them.

“I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in *Flanders*, was at the battles of *Val* and *Fontenoy*, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the *East-India* company's service. I have fought the *French* in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our Captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

“The



“ The boatswain found, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed *Abraham*, to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

“ Our crew was carried into *Brest*, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on my bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well) I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. “ *Jack*,” says he to me, “ will you knock out the *French* centry’s brains?” “ I don’t care,” says I, striving to keep myself awake, “ if I lend a hand.” “ Then follow me,” says he, “ and I hope we shall do business.” So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the *Frenchmen*. I hate the *French*, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

“ Though we had no arms, one *Englishman* is able to beat five *French* at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were

posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the *Dorset* privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the *Pompadour* privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the *Frenchman*, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

“I was once more in the power of the *French*, and, I believe, it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to *Brest*; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another

ther with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will, for ever, love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

*Essay 24.*

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### REPOSE.

MEN complain of not finding a place of repose. They are in the wrong; they have it for seeking. What they should, indeed, complain of, is, that the heart is an enemy to what they seek. To themselves, alone, should they impute their discontent. They seek, within the short span of life, to satisfy a thousand desires; each of which, alone, is insatiable. One month passes, and another comes on; the year ends, and then begins; but man is still unchanging in folly, still blindly continuing in prejudice. To the wise man, every climate and every soil is pleasing; to such a man, the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert; and the tincture of the cloud, preferable to the touch of the finest pencil.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 124.*

CON-

## CONSCIENCE.

THE pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 1. p. 138.*

## LOVE, AMBITION, AND AVARICE.

DISAPPOINTED love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition, that of manhood; and successful avarice, that of age. These three attack us through life; and it is our duty to stand upon our guard. To love, we ought to oppose dissipation, and endeavour to change the object of the affections; to ambition, the happiness of indolence and obscurity; and to avarice, the fear of soon dying. These are the shields with which we should arm ourselves; and thus make every scene of life, if not pleasing, at least supportable.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 124.*

## THE PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER.

THOUGH not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it; it is amusing to observe the



the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces; the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate, for a while, the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the shew myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face, how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses' necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any that I had yet seen. A poor Cobbler sat in his stall by the way side, and

con-

continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a Philosophic Cobbler on this occasion: perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

“How, my friend,” said I to him, “can you  
 “continue to work while all those fine things are  
 “passing by your door?” “Very fine they are,  
 “master,” returned the cobbler, “for those that  
 “like them, to be sure; but what are all those  
 “fine things to me? You don’t know what it is  
 “to be a cobbler, and so much the better for your-  
 “self. Your bread is baked; you may go and  
 “see sights the whole day, and eat a warm sup-  
 “per when you come home at night; but for me,  
 “if I should run hunting after all these fine folk,  
 “what should I get by my journey but an appe-  
 “tite? and, God help me, I have too much of  
 “that at home already, without stirring out for  
 “it. Your people who may eat four meals a day,  
 “and supper at night, are but a bad example to  
 “such a one as I. No, master, as God has call-  
 “ed me into this world in order to mend old  
 “shoes, I have no business with fine folk, and  
 “they no business with me.” I here interrupted  
 him with a smile. “See this last, master,” con-  
 tinues he, “and this hammer; this last and ham-  
 “mer

“mer are the two best friends I have in this  
 “world; nobody else will be my friend, because  
 “I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass  
 “by just now have five hundred friends, because  
 “they have no occasion for them. Now, while I  
 “stick to my good friends here, I am very con-  
 “tented; but, when I ever so little run after  
 “fights and fine things, I begin to hate my work,  
 “I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes  
 “any longer.”

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into an history of his adventures:—  
 “I have lived, said he, a wandering life, now  
 “five-and-fifty years, here to-day and gone to-  
 “morrow; for it was my misfortune, when  
 “I was young, to be fond of changing.” “*You*  
 “*have been a traveller then, I presume?*” interrupted I. “I can’t boast much of travelling,” continued he, “for I have never left the parish  
 “in which I was born but three times in my  
 “life, that I can remember; but then there is  
 “not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I  
 “have not lived in, at some time or another.  
 “When I began to settle, and to take to my busi-  
 “ness in one street, some unforeseen misfortune,  
 “or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has re-  
 “moved me, perhaps, a whole mile away from my  
 “former customers, while some more lucky cob-  
 “bler would come into my place, and make a  
 “hand-

“ handsome fortune among friends of my making :  
 “ there was one who actually died in a stall that  
 “ I had left, worth seven pounds seven shillings,  
 “ all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the  
 “ waistband of his breeches.”

I could not but smile at these migrations of a  
 man by the fire-side, and continued to ask if he  
 had ever been married. “ Ay, that I have, mas-  
 “ ter,” replied he, “ for sixteen long years; and  
 “ a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My  
 “ wife took it in her head, that the only way to  
 “ thrive in this world was to save money; so,  
 “ though our comings-in were but about three  
 “ shillings a week, all that ever she could lay her  
 “ hands upon she used to hide away from me,  
 “ though we were obliged to starve the whole  
 “ week for it.

“ The first three years we used to quarrel about  
 “ this every day, and I always got the better; but  
 “ she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide  
 “ as usual; so that I was at last tired of quarrelling,  
 “ and getting the better; and she scraped and  
 “ scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to  
 “ death. Her conduct drove me, at last, in de-  
 “ pair to the alehouse; here I used to sit with  
 “ people who hated home like myself, drank while  
 “ I had money left, and run in score while any  
 “ body would trust me; till at last the landlady,  
 “ coming one day with a long bill when I was  
 “ from home, and putting it into my wife’s hands,  
 “ the



“ the length of it effectually broke her heart. I  
“ searched the whole stall, after she was dead, for  
“ money; but she had hidden it so effectually,  
“ that, with all my pains, I could never find a  
“ farthing.”

By this time my shoe was mended, and, satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to my friend.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 282.*

### CHARITY OF THE ENGLISH.

WHILE I sometimes lament the cause of humanity, and the depravity of human nature, there now and then appear gleams of greatness that serve to relieve the eye oppressed with the hideous prospect, and resemble those cultivated spots that are sometimes found in the midst of an Asiatic wilderness. I see many superior excellencies among the *English*, which it is not in the power of all their follies to hide: I see virtues which, in other countries, are known only to a few, practised here by every rank of people.

I know not whether it proceeds from their superior opulence, that the *English* are more charitable than the rest of mankind; whether, by being possessed of all the conveniences of life themselves, they have more leisure to perceive the uneasy

easy situation of the distressed; whatever be the motive, they are not only the most charitable of any other nation, but most judicious in distinguishing the properest objects of compassion.

In other countries, the giver is generally influenced by the immediate impulse of pity; his generosity is exerted as much to relieve his own uneasy sensations, as to comfort the object in distress; in *England*, benefactions are of a more general nature; some men of fortune and universal benevolence propose the proper objects; the wants and the merits of the petitioners are canvassed by the people; neither passion nor pity find a place in the cool discussion; and charity is then only exerted, when it has received the approbation of reason. *Ibid.* p. 86.

### THE COMMON ENGLISH STRANGERS TO URBANITY;

WITH REMARKS ON THEIR PROWESS IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE poor of every country are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity; and, perhaps too, they give but little commiseration, as they find but little from others. But, in *England*, the poor treat each other, upon every occasion, with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In *China*, if two porters should meet in a narrow street,

street, they would lay down their burthens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees. If two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would first begin to scold, and, at last, to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enough resulting from penury and labour, not to encrease them by ill-nature among themselves, and subjection to new penalties; but such considerations never weigh with them.

But to recompense this strange absurdity, they are, in the main, generous, brave, and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude. Those miseries under which any other people in the world would sink, they have often shewed they were capable of enduring: if accidentally cast upon some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of sustaining; if imprisoned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater than among others. The peculiar strength of their prisons, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their hardiness; even the strongest prisons I have ever seen in other countries, would be very insufficient to confine the untameable spirit of an *Englishman*. In short, what man dares do in circumstances of danger, an *Englishman* will. His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred storm

TENDERNESS AND GENEROSITY OF  
ENGLISH MISCREANTS.

THE greatest eulogy of the *English* is the generosity of their miscreants; the tenderness in general of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce instances of the same kind, where the desperate mix pity with injustice; still shew that they understand a distinction in crimes; and even, in acts of violence, have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country robbery and murder go almost always together; here it seldom happens, except upon ill-judged resistance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a supreme degree; the highwayman and robber here are generous at least to the public, and pretend even to virtues in their intercourse among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the *English* from the virtues and vices practised among the vulgar, they at once present to a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the enquiring eye of a philosopher.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 113.*

INSOLENCE OF THE COMMON ENGLISH  
TO FOREIGNERS.

FOREIGNERS are generally shocked at the insolence of the common *English*, upon first coming among them: they find themselves ridiculed and  
insulted



insulted in every street; they meet with none of those trifling civilities, so frequent elsewhere, which are instances of mutual good-will without previous acquaintance; they travel through the country, either too ignorant or too obstinate to cultivate a closer acquaintance, meet every moment something to excite their disgust, and return home to characterise this as the region of spleen, insolence, and ill-nature. In short, *England* would be the last place in the world I would travel to by way of amusement, but the first for instruction; I would chuse to have others for my acquaintance, but *Englishmen* for my friends.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 114.*

### HAPPINESS EVER REPUGNANT TO OUR WISHES.

THE mind is ever ingenious in making its own distress. The wandering beggar, who has none to protect, to feed, or to shelter him, fancies complete happiness in labour and a full meal. Take him from rags and want, feed, clothe, and employ him, his wishes now rise one step above his station; he could be happy were he possessed of raiment, food, and ease. Suppose his wishes gratified even in these, his prospects widen as he ascends: he finds himself in affluence and tranquility indeed; but indolence soon breeds anxiety, and he desires not only to be freed from pain, but to be possessed of pleasure: pleasure is granted him; and this but opens his soul to ambition; and ambition will  
be

be sure to taint his future happiness, either with jealousy, disappointment, or fatigue.

But of all the arts of distress found out by man, for his own torment, perhaps that of philosophic misery is most truly ridiculous; a passion no where carried to so extravagant an excess as in the \* country where I now reside. It is not enough to engage all the compassion of a philosopher here, that his own globe is harrassed with wars, pestilence, or barbarity; he shall grieve for the inhabitants of the moon, if the situation of her imaginary mountains happens to alter; and dread the extinction of the sun, if the spots on his surface happen to increase. One should imagine, that philosophy was introduced to make men happy; but here it serves to make hundreds miserable.

*Cit. of the World, v. 2. p. 114.*

### LEGISLATIVE POWER.

IT were highly to be wished, that legislative power would direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would appear convinced, that the work of eradicating crimes, is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands, it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of  
*Europe,*

\* *England.*

*Europe*, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives of virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right, which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder, their right is obvious; as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of an other. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And, next, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside, even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very trifling convenience; since it is far better that two men should live, than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between an hundred, or an hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that

Reason

Reason speaks; and untutored Nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed nearly by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our *Saxon* ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and, as if our possessions were become dearer in proportion as they increased, as if the more enormous our wealth the more extensive our fears, our possessions are paled with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

Whether is it from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should shew more convicts in a year, than half the dominions of Europe united? Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction



tion in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished, that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

*Vic. of Wakefield, v. 2. p. 77.*

## OBSERVATIONS ON DEATH.

DEATH is not that terrible thing which we suppose it to be; it is a spectre which frights us at a distance, but which disappears when we come to approach it more closely. Our ideas of its terrors are conceived in prejudice, and dressed up by fancy; we regard it not only as the greatest misfortune, but also as an evil accompanied with the most excruciating tortures: we have even increased our apprehensions, by reasoning on the extent of our sufferings. It must be dreadful, say some, since it is sufficient to separate the soul from the body; it must be long, since our sufferings are proportioned to the succession of our ideas; and these being painful, must succeed each other with extreme rapidity. In this manner has false philosophy laboured to augment the miseries of our nature, and to aggravate that period which nature has kindly covered with insensibility. Neither the mind, nor the body, can suffer these calamities; the mind is, at that time, mostly without ideas; and the body too much enfeebled to be capable of perceiving its pain. A very acute pain produces either death, or fainting, which is a state similar to death: the body can suffer but to a certain degree; if the torture becomes excessive, it destroys itself; and the mind ceases to perceive, when the body can no longer endure.

In this manner, excessive pain admits of no reflection; and, wherever there are any signs of it, we may be sure that the sufferings of the patient are no greater than what we ourselves may have remembered to endure.

But, in the article of death, we have many instances in which the dying person has shewn that very reflection which pre-supposes an absence of the greatest pain; and, consequently, that pang which ends life cannot even be so great as those which have preceded. Thus, when *Charles XII.* was shot at the siege of *Fredericksball*, he was seen to clap his hand on the hilt of his sword; and, although the blow was great enough to terminate one of the boldest and bravest lives in the world, yet it was not painful enough to destroy reflection. He perceived himself attacked; he reflected that he ought to defend himself, and his body obeyed the impulse of his mind, even in the last extremity. Thus it is the prejudice of persons in health, and not the body in pain, that makes us suffer from the approach of death: we have, all our lives, contracted an habit of making out excessive pleasures and pains; and nothing but repeated experience shews us how seldom the one can be suffered, or the other enjoyed, to the utmost. If there be any thing necessary to confirm what we have said concerning the gradual cessation of life, or the insensible approaches of our end, nothing can more effectually prove it

than the uncertainty of the signs of death. If we consult what *Winslow* or *Brubier* have said upon this subject, we shall be convinced, that between life and death, the shade is so very undistinguishable, that even all the powers of art can scarcely determine where the one ends, and the other begins. The colour of the visage, the warmth of the body, the suppleness of the joints, are but uncertain signs of life still subsisting; while, on the contrary, the paleness of the complexion, the coldness of the body, the stiffness of the extremities, the cessation of all motion, and the total insensibility of the parts, are but uncertain marks of death begun. In the same manner, also, with regard to the pulse, and the breathing, these motions are often so kept under, that it is impossible to perceive them. By approaching a looking-glass to the mouth of the person supposed to be dead, people often expect to find whether he breathes or not; but this is a very uncertain experiment: the glass is frequently sullied by the vapour of the dead man's body; and often the person is still alive, although the glass is no way tarnished. In the same manner, neither burning nor scarifying; neither noises in the ears, nor pungent spirits applied to the nostrils, give certain signs of the discontinuance of life; and there are many instances of persons who have endured them all, and afterwards recovered, without any external assistance, to the astonishment of the spectators. How careful, therefore, should we be, before we commit those



those who are dearest to us to the grave, to be well assured of their departure!—Experience, justice, humanity, all persuade us not to hasten the funerals of our friends, but to keep their bodies unburied, until we have certain signs of their real decease.

*Hist. of Animals. p. 206.*

### GRATIFIED AMBITION.

GRATIFIED ambition, or irreparable calamity, may produce transient sensations of pleasure or distress. Those storms may discompose in proportion as they are strong, or the mind is pliant to their impressions. But the soul, though at first lifted up by the event, is every day operated upon with diminished influence; and at length subsides into the level of its usual tranquility.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 185.*

### SCIENTIFIC REFINEMENT.

PHILOSOPHERS who have testified such surprise at the want of curiosity in the ignorant, seem not to consider that they are usually employed in making provisions of a more important nature; in providing rather for the necessities than the amusements of life. It is not till our more pressing wants are sufficiently supplied that we can attend to the calls of curiosity; so that, in every age scientific refinement has been the latest effort of human industry.

I 3 *Hist. of the Earth, p. 2.*

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## FOLLIES OF THE WISE.

THERE is something satisfactory in accounts of the follies of the wise; they give a natural air to the picture, and reconcile us to our own.

*Life of Parnell, p. 20.*

## THE STROLLING PLAYER.

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in *St James's Park*, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who staid, seemed, by their looks, rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon, Sir," cried I, "but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me." "Yes, Sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in *England* as the dromedary, or live crocodile.



dile. You must understand, Sir, that I have been these sixteen years *Merry Andrew* to a puppet-show; last *Bartholomew* fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in *Rosemary-lane*, and I to starve in *St. James's Park*."

"I am sorry, Sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties."

"O, Sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have three-pence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three-halfpence; and, if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, Sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the *Park* in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expence for the 'sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse; and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a smoaking steak, spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this  
 I 4 dinner,

dinner, Sir," says he, for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; "and yet, Sir," returns he, "bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very foundlings of Nature: the rich she treats like an errant step-mother; they are pleased with nothing; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles,—even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; *Calvert's* butt out-tastes champagne, and *Sedgeley's* home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie no where, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of *Cornwall*, I am content; I have no lands there: if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness; I am no *Jew*."

The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I intreated, that he would indulge my desire.—"That I will, Sir," said

said he, "and welcome; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping; let us have another tankard while we are awake; let us have another tankard; for, ah! how charming a tankard looks when full!

"You must know, then, that I am very well descended; my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot shew so respectful a genealogy: but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to *Punch*, and King *Solomon* in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and lifted for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman: besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours: now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

“ The life of a foldier soon therefore gave me the spleen : I asked leave to quit the service ; but, as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (Sir, my service to you), and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people’s discharges: in short he never answered my letter. What could be done? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

“ Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment: I sold my foldier’s clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions ; as, whose son I was; from whence I came; and whether



ther I would be faithful? I answered him greatly to his satisfaction; and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (Sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other; I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder: I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear: in short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months wages.

“ While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure: two hens were hatching in an outhouse; I went and habitually took the eggs, and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money; and, with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house, when I heard behind me the cry of Stop thief?

thief? but this only increased my dispatch; it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold—I think I passed those two months at the curate's without drinking. Come, the times are dry; and may this be my poison, if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life?

“Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players? The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them; I had a sort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order: they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way. I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the *Mirabels*, I thought I had never lived till then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laugh at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them; I was a very good figure, as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

“I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at  
Tenterden,

*Tenterden*, and took a large room at the *Greyhound*; where we resolved to exhibit *Romeo* and *Juliet*, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden scene. *Romeo* was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-lane*; *Juliet* by a lady who never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles: all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served *Romeo*, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend *Mercutio*: a large piece of crape sufficed at once for *Juliet*'s petticoat and pall: a pestle and mortar, from a neighbouring apothecary's, answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety; I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction: the whole audience were enchanted with our powers; and *Tenterden* is a town of taste.

“ There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing; nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it, but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which

which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please the town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, flap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness: that is the way to work for applause, that is the way to gain it.

“ As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself. I snuffed the candles, and, let me tell you, that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices; when, behold, one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company; they were resolved to go, in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that, too, of a disorder that threatened to be expensive: I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand and a tankard before me (Sir, your health), and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

“ I found



“ I found my memory excessively helped by drinking: I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that Nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. Let the sick man, said I, be under no uneasiness to get well again; I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction; he may even die if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed. I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. Gentlemen, said I, addressing our company, I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude; you have published my name in the bills, with the utmost good-nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me: so, gentlemen, to shew you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off; I'll brandish my snuffers, and clip candles as usual. This was a very disagreeable proposal; but they found that it was impossible to refuse it; it was irresistible, it was adamant: they consented, and I  
went

went on in king *Bajazet*. My frowning brows, bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By *Alla!* it is—almost inconceivable how I went through it; *Tamerlane* was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he: but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance: in general I kept my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at *Drury-lane*, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: in short, I came off like a prodigy; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success; one praised my voice, another my person: Upon my word, says the 'squire's lady, he will make one of the finest actors in *Europe*; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.—Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but, when it comes in great quantities, we regard it

it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

“ At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of *Tenterden* without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, Sir. We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero!—Such is the world! little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject; something truly sublime upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

“ The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of *Europe*, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me  
once

once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir *Harry Wildair*; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in *London*; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; every body praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform: she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of *Garrick*, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences. She was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir *Harry*, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at *Drury-lane*; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in *London*; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff—the lady was solemn, and so were the rest. I broke the cudgel on alderman Smug-gler's



gler's back—still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders. I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile;—but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy: I found it would not do; all my good-humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye shewed the agony of my heart. In short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was; my fame expired; I am here, and—(the tankard is no more!".)

*Essay 21.*

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## B E A U T Y.

A DESIRE of becoming more beautiful than Nature made us, is so harmless a vanity, that I not only pardon, but approve it. A desire to be more excellent than others is what actually makes us so; and, as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 7.*

## H U M A N C U R I O S I T Y.

HUMAN curiosity, though at first slowly excited, being at last possessed of leisure for indulging its propensity, becomes one of the greatest amusements of life, and gives higher satisfactions  
than

than what even the senses can afford. A man of this disposition turns all nature into a magnificent theatre, replete with objects of wonder and surprise, and fitted up chiefly for his happiness and entertainment: he industriously examines all things, from the minutest insect to the most finished animal; and, when his limited organs can no longer make the disquisition, he sends out his imagination upon new enquiries.

*Hist. of the Earth, p. 2.*

### CONNEXION OF WITS.

IN the connexion of wits, interest has very little share; they have only pleasure in view, and can seldom find it but among each other.

*Life of Parnell, p. 19.*

### CONTEMPLATION OF CELESTIAL MAGNIFICENCE.

AN use, hitherto not much insisted upon, that may result from the contemplation of celestial magnificence, is, that it will teach us to make an allowance for the apparent irregularities we find below. Whenever we can examine the works of the Deity at a proper point of distance, so as to take in the whole of his design, we see nothing but uniformity, beauty, and precision. - The heavens present us with a plan, which, though inexpressibly magnificent, is yet regular beyond the power of invention. Whenever, therefore, we  
find

find any apparent defects in the earth, which we are about to consider, instead of attempting to reason ourselves into an opinion that they are beautiful, it will be wise to say, that we do not behold them at the proper point of distance, and that our eye is laid too close to the objects to take in the regularity of their connexion. In short, we may conclude, that God, who is regular in his great productions, acts with equal uniformity in the little.

*Hist. of the Earth, p. 7.*

# S E C R E C Y.

A POET has a right to expect the same secrecy in his friend as in his confessor; the sins he discovers are not divulged for punishment, but pardon.

*Life of Parnell, p. 19.*

## ASEM, THE MAN-HATER.

WHERE *Tauris* lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived *Asem*, the Man-hater.

*Asem*

*Asem* had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements, and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection: but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door: he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress. The ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved therefore to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink  
was



was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain, an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom; reflecting, on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep bank, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator! Were men intirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent.

Why

Why, why then, O *Alla!* must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt and despair?"

Just as he uttered the word Despair, he was going to plunge into a lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the Genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

*Asen* immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, 'till *Asen*, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide

guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

“ I plainly perceive your amazement, “ said the Genius; “ but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by *Alla*, at the request, and under the inspection of our great prophet, who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas ; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it ; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation.”

“ A world without vice ! Rational beings without immorality ! ” cried *Assem*, in a rapture ; “ I thank thee, O *Alla*, who hast at length heard my petitions ; this, this indeed will produce happiness, extacy, and ease. O for an immortality ! to spend it among men who are incapable of ingra-

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titude,

titude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes, that render society miserable."

"Cease thine acclamations," replied the Genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper; I shall be your attendant and instructor." *Asen* and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a very near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primæval wildness.

"Here," cried *Asen*, "I perceive animals of prey and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But, had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation." "Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the Genius, smiling. But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived  
entirely



entirely on the vegetable productions; so that animals of different natures, thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and *Assem* anticipated, in idea, the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried *Assem*, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoke, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This," cried *Assem* to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action." "Every species of animals," replied the Genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers." "But they should have been destroyed," cried *Assem*; "you see the consequence of such a neglect." "Where is then that

tenderneſs you ſo lately expreſſed for ſubordinate animals?” replied the Genius, ſmiling: “you ſeem to have forgot that branch of juſtice.” “I muſt acknowledge my miſtake,” returned *Aſem*; “I am now convinced that we muſt be guilty of tyranny and injuſtice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourſelves. But let us no longer obſerve the duty of men to theſe irrational creatures, but ſurvey their connexions with one another.”

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was ſurpriſed to ſee no veſtiges of handſome houſes, no cities, nor any mark of elegant deſign. His conductor perceiving his ſurpriſe, obſerved, That the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient ſimplicity; each had an houſe, which, though homely, was ſufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houſes, which would only increaſe their own pride, and the envy of the ſpectator; what they built was for convenience, not for ſhew. “At leaſt, then,” ſaid *Aſem*, “they have neither architects, painters, or ſtatuaries, in their ſociety; but theſe are idle arts, and may be ſpared. However, before I ſpend much more time here, you ſhould have my thanks for introducing me into the ſociety of ſome of their wiſeſt men: there is ſcarce any pleaſure to me equal to a refined converſation; there is nothing of which I am ſo enamoured as wiſdom.” “Wiſdom!” replied his inſtructor,

instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us: but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If, by wisdom, you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right," says *Asem*; but, methinks, I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That, indeed, is true," replied the other; "here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among, are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." "Well, then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this?" says the Genius: "flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed here; and wisdom is out of the question."

“ Still, however,” said *Asen*, “ the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence; each has, therefore, leisure to pity those that stand in need of his compassion.” He had scarce spoken, when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. *Asen* immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. “ Strange,” cried the son of *Adam*, “ that men who are free from vice should thus “ suffer so much misery without relief!” “ Be not surprised,” said the wretch who was dying; “ would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary, cannot be dispensed with.” “ They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,” cried *Asen*; “ and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence, yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues.” “ Peace, *Asen*!” replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe



severe than beautiful, “nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferable to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here.” “Strange!” cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; “what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems, that to be unacquainted with vice, is not to know virtue. Take me, O my Genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has *Alla* for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by *Mahomet*. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only shewed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others.”

He had scarce ended, when the Genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. *Assem*, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his

eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquility, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to *Segestan*, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old-age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

*Essay 16.*

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#### ENTERTAINMENT IN THE STUDY OF TRIFLES.

TO a philosopher, no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute; he finds instruction and entertainment in occurrences which are passed over by the rest of mankind as low, trite, and indifferent; it is from the number of these particulars, which, to many, appear insignificant, that he is at last enabled to form general conclusions.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 126.*

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## C E R E M O N Y.

CEREMONIES are different in every country, but true politeness is every where the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes, in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good-nature. A person possessed of those qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and, if without them, would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman usher.

How would a *Chinese*, bred up in the formalities of an eastern court, be regarded, should he carry all his good manners beyond the Great Wall? How would an *Englishman*, skilled in all the decorums of western good-breeding, appear at an eastern entertainment? Would he not be reckoned more fantastically savage than even his unbred footman?

Ceremony resembles that base coin which circulates through a country by the royal mandate; it serves every purpose of real money at home, but is entirely useless if carried abroad; a person who should attempt to circulate his native trash in another country, would be thought either ridiculous or culpable. He is truly well-bred who knows when to value and when to despise those national

peculiarities which are regarded by some with so much observance. A traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over; but that fools are polite only at home.

*Ibid.* v. i. p. 163.

### LITERARY REPUTATION.

EVERY writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had *Cæsar* or *Cromwell* exchanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming-table, may be received with perfect indifference should it happen to drop in a mackarel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be



be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who, with persuasive eloquence, promises four extraordinary pages of letter-press, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

*Essay 1.*

### ALLUREMENTS OF QUALITY.

QUALITY and title have such allurements, that hundreds are ready to give up all their own importance, to cringe, to flatter, to look little, and to pall every pleasure in constraint, merely to be among the great, though without the least hopes of improving their understanding or sharing their generosity: they might be happy among their equals; but those are despised for company, where they are despised in turn.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 132.*

### MAGNIFICENCE OF THE DEITY.

THOUGH we see the greatness and wisdom of the Deity in all the seeming worlds that surround us, it is our chief concern to trace him in that which we inhabit. The examination of the earth, the wonders of its contrivance, the history of its advantages, or of the seeming defects in its formation, are the proper business of the *Natural Historian*. A description of this earth, its *animals, vegetables, and minerals*, is the most delightful

ful entertainment the mind can be furnished with,  
as it is the most interesting and useful.

*Hist. of the Earth*, p. 6.

## REMEMBRANCE.

TO be mindful of an absent friend in the hours  
of mirth and feasting, when his company is least  
wanted, shews no slight degree of sincerity.

*Life of Parnel*, p. 18.

## THE STORY OF *ALCANDER* AND *SEPTIMIUS*.

TAKEN FROM A BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

*ATHENS*, long after the decline of the *Roman* empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. *Theodoric*, the *Ostrogoth*, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, *Alcander* and *Septimius* were fellow students together; the one, the most subtle reasoner of all the *Lyceum*; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they  
were

were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for *Alcander* was of *Athens*, *Septimius* came from *Rome*.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when *Alcander*, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on *Hypatia*, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained, but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

*Alcander's* exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend *Septimius* a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce *Hypatia* to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for *Septimius* no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, *Alcander* watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress

treſs to join in thoſe amiable offices of friendſhip, The ſagacity of the phyſicians, by theſe means, ſoon diſcovered that the cauſe of their patient's diſorder was love; and *Alcander*, being apprized of their diſcovery, at length extorted a confeſſion from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to deſcribe the conflict between love and friendſhip in the breaſt of *Alcander* on this occaſion; it is enough to ſay, that the *Athenians* were at that time arrived at ſuch refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to exceſs. In ſhort, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young *Roman*. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the conſtitution of the now happy *Septimius*. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and ſet out with his fair partner for *Rome*. Here, by an exertion of thoſe talents which he was ſo eminently poſſeſſed of, *Septimius*, in a few years, arrived at the higheſt dignities of the ſtate, and was conſtituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time, *Alcander* not only felt the pain of being ſeparated from his friend and his miſtreſs, but a proſecution was alſo commenced againſt him, by the relations of *Hypatia*, for having baſely given up his bride, as was ſuggeſted, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to  
withſtand



withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of *Thrace* becoming his purchaser, *Alcander*, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in *Rome*. The same day on which *Alcander* arrived, *Septimius* sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and, in the evening, when

when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags, as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, no ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, dead, at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and *Alcander* being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were  
now

now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of *Septimius*. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. *Alcander's* innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still further increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. *Septimius* recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? *Alcander* was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of *Rome*; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, 'That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

*Essay 2.*

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## CONTEMPT OF THE IGNORANT.

THERE are some of superior abilities who reverence and esteem each other; but then mutual admiration is not sufficient to shield off the contempt of the crowd. The wise are but few, and they praise with a feeble voice; the vulgar are many, and roar in reproaches. The truly great seldom unite in societies, have few meetings, no cabals; the dunces hunt in full cry till they have run down a reputation, and then snarl and fight with each other about dividing the spoil. \* Here you may see the compilers, and the book-answerers of every month, when they have cut up some respectable name, most frequently reproaching each other with stupidity and dullness; resembling the wolves of the *Russian* forest, who prey upon venison, or horse-flesh, when they can get it; but, in cases of necessity, lying in wait to devour each other. While they have new books to cut up, they make a hearty meal; but if this resource should unhappily fail, then it is that critics eat up critics, and compilers rob from compilations.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 73.*

## PLEASURES OF RURAL RETIREMENT.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain

\* *London,*

in



in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat, all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure: I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with *Johnny Armstrong's* Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of *Barbara Allen*.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to shew that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment; and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in *Flanders*, who appeared no way touched with

with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall; and condemned to this for life: yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sang, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! An happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him: every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to have denied the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good-humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral. Of

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal *de Retz* possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she, too, rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress: he persuaded himself, that, instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her; and so all was well again. When Fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal *Mazarine*, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of *Valenciennes*,) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences, of life, he still retained his good-humour; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far, as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The  
Cardinal's

Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good-humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it. For my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people, who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it, Seeing Life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the *Hibernian* dialect of the one, or the most fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and *Dick* among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son, *Andrew*," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." *Andrew*, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I  
recom-



recommend *Simon*, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him, beside, four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried *Simon* (in great affliction, to be sure), "May Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor *Dick*, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." "Ah father," cries *Dick*, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public, which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others: by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

## BENEFITS ARISING FROM LUXURY.

THOSE philosophers, who declaim against luxury, have but little understood its benefits ; they seem insensible, that to luxury we owe not only the greatest part of our knowledge, but even of our virtues.

It may sound fine in the mouth of a declaimer, when he talks of subduing our appetites, of teaching every sense to be content with a bare sufficiency, and of supplying only the wants of nature ; but is there not more satisfaction in indulging those appetites, if with innocence and safety, than in restraining them ? Am not I better pleased in enjoyment, than in the sullen satisfaction of thinking that I can live without enjoyment ?

The more various our artificial necessities, the wider is our circle of pleasure ; for all pleasure consists in obviating necessities as they rise : luxury, therefore, as it increases our wants, increases our capacity for happiness.

*Cir. of the World, v. 1. p. 35.*

In whatsoever light we consider luxury, whether as employing a number of hands naturally too feeble for more laborious employment ; as finding a variety of occupation for others who might be totally idle ; or as furnishing out new inlets to happiness, without encroaching on mutual property ;

perty; in whatever light we regard it, we shall have reason to stand up in its defence: and the sentiment of *Confucius* still remains unshaken; *That we should enjoy as many of the luxuries of life as are consistent with our own safety, and the prosperity of others; and that he who finds out a new pleasure, is one of the most useful members of society.*

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 37.*

M O D E S T Y.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty, who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and affects good-humour. In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer finds himself. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity.

*Essay 1.*

\* S O N G,

*Intended for Miss HARDCASTLE, in the Comedy of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; but, as Mrs. Bulkeley could not sing, it was omitted.*

AH me! when shall I marry me?

Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me:

He, fond youth, that could carry me,

Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

L

But

\* *This Song was communicated to the Public, by Mr. Boswell, since the Doctor's death.*

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:

Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover:  
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,  
Makes but a penitent, loses a lover.

## GENEROSITY.

GENEROSITY is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should *Lyfippus* satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and, from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

*Essay 6.*

## MISPLACED VIRTUES.

AMONG men long conversant with books, we too frequently find misplaced virtues. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on those supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore,



fore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with an heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

*Essay 6.*

### PRIDE OF THE *ENGLISH*.

THE *English* seem as silent as the *Japanese*, yet vainer than the inhabitants of *Siam*. Condescend to address them first, and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flattery, and you conciliate their friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life, without shrinking; danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity: but contempt is what they cannot bear. An *Englishman* fears contempt more than death; he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure, and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An *Englishman* is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations, who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power, as if delegated from heaven. Liberty is echoed in all

their assemblies, and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the found, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty, even in the mouth of the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 10.*

## R E P U T A T I O N.

THE great are solicitous only of raising their own reputations; while the opposite class, alas! are solicitous of bringing every reputation down to a level with their own.

*Ibid. p. 75.*

## P I C T U R E O F A C R I T I C.

A CRITIC is often guided by the same motives that direct his author. The author endeavours to persuade us, that he has written a good book: the critic is equally solicitous to shew that he could write a better, had he thought proper. A critic is a being possessed of all the vanity, but not the genius, of a scholar; incapable, from his native weakness, of lifting himself from the ground, he applies to contiguous merit for support, makes the sportive fallies of another's imagination his serious employment, pretends to take our feelings under his

his care, teaches where to condemn, where to lay the emphasis of praise, and may with as much justice be called a man of taste, as the *Chinese* who measures his wisdom by the length of his nails.

If, then, a book, spirited or humorous, happens to appear in the republic of letters, several critics are in waiting to bid the public not to laugh at a single line of it, for themselves had read it; and they know what is most proper to excite laughter. Other critics contradict the fulminations of this tribunal, call them all spiders, and assure the public, that they ought to laugh without restraint. Another set are in the mean time quietly employed in writing notes to the book, intended to shew the particular passages to be laughed at: when these are out, others still there are who write notes upon notes. Thus a single new book employs not only the paper-makers, the printers, the press-men, the book-binders, the hawkers, but twenty critics, and as many compilers. In short, the body of the learned may be compared to a *Persian* army, where there are many pioneers, several sutlers, numberless servants, women and children in abundance, and but few soldiers.

*Cit. of the World, v. 1. p. 75.*

FORTUNE the ONLY REPRESENTATIVE  
OF LOVE AND AFFECTION AMONG THE  
MODERNS.

THE formalities, delays, and disappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage \* here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce, but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable ! Marriages are the only commodity that meets with discouragement.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here Love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel amidst gales wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island ; and when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or an union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove ; the match is struck up ; and both parties are piously in love—according to act of parliament.

\* *England.*

Thus,



Thus, they who have fortune, are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those who have none. I am told there was a time, when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least amongst our clergymen and officers. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions. But of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs, and whispers, is declared utterly contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitude of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably intrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time, have forsaken her; the captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude, to bewail her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the *Europeans* discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of *Sofala*. The Genius is surely now no more. In every region there seem enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in *Europe*, jealousy in *Per-sia*, ceremony in *China*, poverty among the *Tartars*, and lust in *Circassia*, are all prepared to oppose

pose his power. The Genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is no where to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling reliques, as instances of his former residence and favour.

“The Genius of Love,” says the Eastern Apologue, “had long resided in the happy plains of *Abra*, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquility. His temple at first was crowded, but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region; and he apprised the fair sex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

“And, first, the beauties of *China* appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty either of look, dress, or behaviour; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes, of the most beautiful silk, hid their hands, bosom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the  
graces

graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and plucked eye-brows were, however, alledged by the Genius against them; but he set them entirely aside, when he came to examine their little feet.

“ The beauties of *Circassia* next made their appearance. They advanced, hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering; the neck, the left breast, and all the limbs were exposed to view; which, after some time, seemed rather to satiate than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms: but their beauties were obtruded, not offered, to their admirers; they seemed to give, rather than receive courtship; and the Genius of Love dismissed them as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing sex.

“ The kingdom of *Kashmire* next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by Nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun; and sea-born breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed  
to

to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when, unfortunately, one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

“ In this procession the naked inhabitants of *Southern America* would not be left behind: their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive; and served to shew, that beauty could be perfect, even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected: the black beauties of *Benin*, and the tawny daughters of *Borneo*, the women of *Wida* with scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of *Cafraria*; the squab ladies of *Lapland*, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of *Patagonia*.

“ The beauties of *Europe* at last appeared; grace in their steps, and sensibility smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the Genius seemed to lend them his most favourite attention. They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but unfortunately, as their orator



tor proceeded, she happened to let fall the words, 'House in Town, Settlement, and Pin-money.' These seemingly harmless terms had instantly a surprising effect: the Genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the circle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those ætherial mansions from whence he descended.

"The whole assembly was struck with amazement; they now justly apprehended that female power would be no more, since Love had forsaken them. They continued some time thus in a state of torpid despair, when it was proposed by one of the number, that, since the real Genius of Love had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol of gold was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed Genius. The ladies of *China* furnished the monster with wings; those of *Kashmire* supplied him with horns; the dames of *Europe* clapped a purse into his hand; and the virgins of *Congo* furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to Love, are, in reality, paid to the idol: while, as in other false religions, the adoration seems most fervent, where the heart is least sincere.

*Essay 23.*

COUN-

## COURTESY TO THE VULGAR.

WHATEVER may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society, should be particularly regarded; for, in policy as in architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

*Essay* 14.

OPINION of the GENIUS of *VOLTAIRE*.

BETWEEN *Voltaire* and the disciples of *Confucius* there are many differences; however, being of a different opinion does not in the least diminish my esteem. I am not displeased with my brother, because he happens to ask our father for favours in a different manner from me. Let his errors rest in peace; his excellencies deserve admiration: let me, with the wise, admire his wisdom; let the envious and the ignorant ridicule his foibles; the folly of others is ever most ridiculous to those who are themselves most foolish.

*Ibid.* p. 187.



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